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THE SCIENCE OF CUSTOM

The Bearing of Anthropology on Contemporary Thought

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ANTHROPOLOGY is the study of primitive peoples—a statement which helps us to understand its bearing on contemporary thought as little as if, in the time of Copernicus, we had defined astronomy as the study of the stars, or biology in the time of Darwin, as the science of bugs. It was not facts about stars that made astronomy suddenly of first-class importance, but that—quite casually, as it were—the Copernican scheme placed the earth, this planetary scene of human life, in a perspective of such infinitesimal insignificance. In much the same way the significance of anthropology to modern thought does not lie in any secrets that the primitive has saved for us from a simpler world, with which to solve the perplexities of this existence. Anthropology is not a search for the philosopher's stone in a vanished and golden age. What anthropologists find in the study of primitive people is a natural and well-nigh inexhaustible laboratory of custom, a great workshop in which to explore the major rôle it has played in the life-history of the world.

Now custom has not been commonly regarded as a subject of any great moment. It is not like the inner workings of our own brains, which we feel to be uniquely worthy of investigation. Custom, we have a way of thinking, is behavior at its most commonplace. As a matter of fact, it is the other way around. Traditional custom, taken the world over, is a mass of detailed behavior more astonishing than any one person can ever evolve in personal acts no matter how aberrant. Yet that is a rather trivial aspect of the matter. The fact of first-rate importance is the predominant rôle that custom plays in experience and in belief. No man ever looks at the world with pristine eyes. He sees it edited by a definite set of customs and institutions and ways of thinking. Even in his philosophical probings he cannot go behind these stereotypes; his very concepts of the true and the false will still have reference to the structure of his particular traditional customs. John Dewey has said in all seriousness that the part played by custom in shaping the behavior of the individual as over against any way

in which he can affect traditional custom, is as the proportion of the total vocabulary of his mother tongue over against those words of his own baby talk that are taken up into the vernacular of his family. There is no social problem it is more incumbent upon us to understand than that of the rôle of custom in our total life. Until we are intelligent as to the laws and the varieties of customs, the main complicating facts of human life will remain to us an unintelligible book.

The first concern of the anthropologist is always for an understanding of this affair of custom: how each society comes to be possessed of whole systems of it, how it is stabilized, cross-fertilized, how it is inculcated into all the members of the group among whom it flourishes. In other words, the business of the anthropologist is with the great ideational systems of language, social organization and religion of which every people on earth finds itself possessed, and which are passed on to every child as it is born into the group, but of which no child born in any other territory could ever achieve the thousandth part.

This matter of culture, to give it its anthropological term—that complex whole which includes all the habits acquired by man as a member of society—has been late in claiming scientific attention. There are excellent reasons for this. Any scientific study requires first of all that there be no preferential weighting of one or another of the items in the series it selects for its consideration. Anthropology was therefore by definition impossible as long as those old distinctions between ourselves

and the barbarian, ourselves and the pagan, held sway over people's minds. It was necessary first to arrive at that degree of sophistication where one no longer set his belief over against his neighbor's superstition, and it is worth considering that it is barely one hundred years ago that any one took his superstitious neighbors seriously enough to include them in any general purview of serious belief.

In the second place, custom did not challenge the attention of social theorists, because it was the very stuff of their own thinking. We do not see the lens through which we look. Precisely in proportion as it was fundamental, it was automatic, and had its existence outside the field of conscious attention. The custom of greeting a guest by an array of weeping women who sit in his lap and embrace him, may not need more or less psychological elucidation than the handshake, but it communicates the necessary shock, and the subject of the handshake will remain unexplored long after we have mustered our efforts toward the understanding of the tears-greeting. We have only to admit alien customs to the same rank in regulating human nature that our customs have for us, and we are perpetually galvanized into attention.

It is not fair to lay our blindness to custom wholly to the fact that it is closer to us than breathing. Primitive people are sometimes far more conscious of the rôle of cultural traits than we are, and for good reason. They have had intimate experience of different cultures, and we have not. White civilization has standardized itself over most of the

globe. We have never seen an outsider unless he is already Europeanized. The uniformity of custom, of outlook, seems convincing enough, and conceals from us the fact that it is after all an historical accident. All our observation reinforces the testimony of our easy assent to the familiar, and we accept without any ado the equivalence of human nature and of our own cultural standards. But many primitives have a different experience. They have seen their religion go down before the white man's, their economic system, their marriage prohibitions. They have laid down the one and taken up the other, and are quite clear and sophisticated about variant arrangements of human life. If they talk about human nature, they do it in plurals, not in the absolute singular, and they will derive dominant characteristics of the white man from his commercial institutions, or from his conventions of warfare, very much after the fashion of the anthropologist. If civilized Europeans have been especially dense to the scientific implications of custom, it has been not only because their own customs were too familiar to be discernible, and because they resisted the implication that their culture belonged to a series that included the customs of lesser people, but also because the standardization of their own culture over the globe has given an illusion of a world-wide uniform human behavior.

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What is it that anthropologists have to say about this matter of custom? In the first place, it is man's distinguishing mark in the animal kingdom. Man is the culture-mak-

ing animal. It is not that insects, for instance, do not have complex cultural traits like the domestication of plants and animals, political organization, division of labor. But the mechanism of transmission makes them contrast sharply with man's particular contribution of traditionally *learned* behavior. Insect society takes no chances; the pattern of the entire social structure is carried in the cell structure of each individual ant, so that one isolated individual can automatically reproduce the entire social order of its own colony just as it reproduces the shape of antennæ or of abdomen. For better or worse, man's solution has been at the opposite pole. Not one item of his tribal social organization, of language, of his local religion, is carried in his germ-cell. His whole centuries-evolved civilization is at the mercy of any accident of time and space. If he is taken at birth to another continent, it will be the entire set of cultural traits of the adopted society that he will learn, and the set that was his by heredity will play no part. More than this, whole peoples in one generation have shaken off their patterns, retaining hardly a residual vestige, and have put on the customs of an alien group.

What is lost in nature's guarantee of safety, is made up in the advantage of greater plasticity. The human animal does not, like the bear, have to wait to grow himself a polar coat before he can adapt himself to the arctic; he learns to sew himself a coat and put up a snow house. It is a direct corollary of this difference in the mechanism of human culture that, as Professor W. M. Wheeler tells us, ant societies have been stable

for sixty-five million years, and human societies are never to-morrow what they are to-day.

Anthropology has no encouragement to offer to those who would trust our spiritual achievements to the automatic perpetuation of any selected hereditary germ-plasms. Culture, it insists, is not carried in that fashion for the human race. We cannot trust any program of racial purity. It is a significant fact that no anthropologist has ever taught, along with so many popular theorists, that high civilization is bound up with the biological homogeneity of its carriers. Race is a classification based on bodily form, and the particular cultural behavior of any group is strikingly independent of its racial affiliations. We must accept all the implications of our human inheritance, one of the most important of which is the small scope of biologically transmitted behavior, and the enormous rôle of the cultural process of the transmission of tradition.

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There is another analogy with the animal world which has to be laid aside in the study of culture: no less than the idea of evolution. The modern anthropologist at this point is only throwing in his lot with the psychologist and the historian, emphasizing the fact that the order of events in which they all deal in common is best studied without the complications of any attempted evolutionary arrangement. The psychologist is not able to demonstrate any evolutionary series in the sensory or emotional reactions of the individuals he studies, and the historian is not helped in the reconstruction of

Plantagenet England by any concept of the evolution of government; just as superfluous for him also, the anthropologist insists, is any scheme of cultures arranged according to an ascending scale of evolution.

Since the science of anthropology took shape in the years when the "Origin of Species" was still new, it was inevitable that there should have been this attempt to arrange human societies from this point of view. It was simplicity itself. At the summit of the ascent was placed our own culture, to give meaning and plan to all that had preceded; to the lowest rungs was relegated by hypothesis all that was most different from this consummation; and the intermediate steps were arranged as these two fixed points suggested. It is important to insist that there was never any argument from actual chronology; even in cases where it could have been ascertained, it was not considered of such importance that it could compete with the *a priori* hypothesis. In this way the development of art, religion and marriage institutions was classically charted. It is a monument to the force of a theory that asked no proof other than its own conviction.

Now if there is no positive correlation between culture and an evolutionary scheme, is there any order and arrangement of any kind in the diversity of human customs? To answer this question it is necessary to go back to fundamentals, to man's equipment of basic responses to environment. These responses, as anthropologists see them, are mere rough sketches, a list of bare facts; but they are hints that may be illimitably fertile. They are focal centers

which any peoples may ignore, or which they may make the starting points of their most elaborated concepts. Let us take, for instance, the example of adolescence. Adolescence is a necessary biological fact for man and for his animal forebears, but man has used it as a spring-board. It may be made the occasion for the major part of the ritual the group practises; it may be ignored as completely as Margaret Mead has recently shown that it is in Samoa. It may be seen, as among the African Masai, as one item of an elaborate crisis ceremonialism that institutionalizes not only adolescence but provides, for instance, a ceremony for putting the father on the shelf after his son has attained young manhood. It may be, on the other hand, a magic occasion that will, in after life, give back as from a mirror every technique that is practised at this time. So a girl will pick each needle carefully from a pine-tree that she may be industrious, or a boy will race a stone down the mountain that he may be swift of foot. The rites may be limited to the young girls, or, it may be, to the boys; the period may be marked with horror and with torture, it may be a consecration to the gods. It is obvious that the physical fact of adolescence is only the touch to the ball of custom, which then follows grooves of thought not implied in the original impetus.

What these grooves are we can sometimes account for out of the cultural history of a people; more often we can only record the facts. We know that traits that have once found themselves in company are likely to maintain that association quite apart from any intrinsic fitness

in their nature. So bone head-scratchers and the pursuit of a supernatural vision may go hand in hand over a continent, and the absence of foot-gear may coincide with carved door-posts.

What we do know is that there is no one of the bare reactions of the human animal that may not be selected by some people for a position in the very forefront of its attention and be elaborated past belief. It may be that the economic facts of life, as for instance the buffalo herds of the Todas of India, may be singled out, and the whole life of the people may turn on the ritual of perpetuating and renewing the sacred *pep*, the soured milk saved by the Todas from day to day as the continuum of their culture, and used to hasten the next day's souring. The dairymen are the priests, anointed and sacrosanct, the holy of holies is the sacred cow bell. Most of the taboos of the people have to do with the infinite sacredness of the milk.

Or a culture may, instead, elaborate an item of the social organization. All people over the earth recognize some forbidden degrees within which marriage may not take place. These are alike only in the common idea of incest; the degrees themselves differ entirely. In a large part of the world you may marry only one variety of own cousin, say your mother's brother's daughter, and it is incest to marry the other variety, say your father's sister's daughter. But however unreasonable the distinctions may seem from our point of view, some concept of forbidden degrees all men have, and animals, it seems, have not. Now this idea has

been taken up by the aborigines of Australia and made the basis of a social system that knows no restraint in the elaboration of its favorite pattern. Not satisfied with stipulating one cousin group within which, and no other, one must find a mate, certain of these tribes have heaped the incest taboos on lineages, on local groups, on all who participate with them in certain ceremonies, until even in the specified cousin group there is no one who is not touched by some one of the taboos. Quite in keeping with the violence of their obsession with this detail of social organization, they are accustomed to visit death upon any one who transgresses the fantastic rules. Do they pull themselves together before they have reached the point of tribal suicide and reject their overgrown anti-social rulings? No, they get by with a subterfuge. Young men and women may escape together to an island which is regarded as asylum. If they succeed in remaining in seclusion until the birth of a child, they may return with no more than a formalized drubbing. So the tribe is enabled to maintain its ethics without acknowledged revision, and still avoid extinction.

But it need not be incest that has run away with itself in the culture of a group; it may be some trick of ritualism, or love of display, or passion of acquisitiveness. It may be fish-hooks. In a certain island of Oceania fish-hooks are currency, and to have large fish-hooks came gradually to be the outward sign of the possession of great wealth. Fish-hooks therefore are made very nearly as large as a man. They will no

longer catch fish, of course. In proportion as they have lost their usefulness they are supremely coveted.

After a long experience of such cultural facts anthropologists have made up their minds on two points. In the first place, it is usually beside the point to argue from its important place in behavior, the social usefulness of a custom. Man can get by with a mammoth load of useless lumber, and he has a passion for extremes. Once his attention is engaged upon one trait of behavior, he will juggle his customs till they perforce accommodate themselves to the outward manifestations of his obsession. After all, man has a fairly wide margin of safety, and he will not be forced to the wall even with a pitiful handicap. Our own civilization carries its burden of warfare, of the dissatisfaction and frustration of wage-earners, of the overdevelopment of acquisitiveness. It will continue to bear them. The point is that it is more in line with the evidence to regard them as our equivalents of the fish-hooks or of the Australian marriage rules, and to give over the effort to prove their natural social utility.

For every people will always justify their own folkways. Warfare, as long as we have it, will be for our moralists the essential school in which justice and valor are to be learned; the desire for possessions similarly will be the one motive power to which it is safe to trust the progress of the world. In the same way, China relied upon reverence for one's ancestors. There are too many of these folkways. They cannot all be the *sine qua non* of existence, and we shall do better to concentrate

our attention upon an objective appreciation of different schemes, and to give our enthusiasms to those special values we can always discern in the most diverse civilizations.

The second point on which anthropologists have made up their minds in this connection—and this holds true for all customs whether or not they have been carried to extremes—is that in any study of behavior it is these cultural patternings that turn out to be compulsive, not any original instincts with which we are born equipped. Even the basic emotions of fear and love and rage by the time they have been shaped over the different cultural lasts are well-nigh unrecognizable. Is there a jealousy of the mate innate in our sexual organization? Perhaps, but it will not dictate behavior except according to a cultural permit. Over a large part of the world, the woman is aggrieved if her husband does not take other wives—it may be to aid her in the duties of the household, or to relieve her of child-bearing, or to make plain her husband's social importance. And in other parts of the world, the male's virtues of generosity and of dignity are chiefly summed up in his practice of sharing his wife, and his calm acceptance of her desertion. Is there a maternal instinct? It will always be operative according to the conventions of the group. If there is great emphasis upon rank, women may voluntarily kill their children to raise their own status, as among the Natchez, or the Polynesian Tonga. If there is a pattern of seemingly meaningless adoption, most families will place their infants in other households, sometimes assigning them before birth. And how

often have different apologists tried to give reasons for infanticide, when all the reasons they list are just as operative outside as within the region where this cultural compulsion rests upon the women.

Man evolves always elaborate traditional ways of doing things, great superstructures of the most varying design, and without very striking correlations with the underpinnings on which they must each and all eventually rest. It is only in a fundamental and non-spectacular sense that these superstructures are conditioned by their foundation in man's original endowment. And it is the superstructure in which man lives, not the foundation. The compulsion of folkways in a well-knit culture is just as strong as the compulsion of a style in architecture, Gothic, or Renaissance, or Egyptian. It fashions as it will the instincts of the people who live within it, remaking them in conformity with its own requirements. So it is that the cultural patterns are themselves creative; they take the raw material of experience and mold it into fifty different shapes among fifty different peoples. The traditional patterns of behavior set the mold and human nature flows into it.

It follows that man's established folkways are also his morals. Judgments of right and wrong and of the glory of God grow up within the field of group behavior and attach themselves to those traits that have become automatic in the group. Interference with automatic behavior is always unpleasant, and it is rationalized as evil. No people have any truly empirical ethics; they uphold what they find themselves practis-

ing. Even our own literature of ethics is far from being a detached survey of different possible solutions; it is a system of apologetics for the well-known scheme of our own culture. It is not that the anthropologist would subtract a jot or tittle from this preference for one's own customs; there are values in any way of living that can be plumbed only by those who have been born and bred in them, and in an ideal world every man would love best his own culture. What the anthropologist would have us add to our understanding is that all cultures have alike grown up blindly, the useful and cumbersome together, and not one of them is so good that it needs no revision, and not one is so bad that it cannot serve, just as ours can, the ideal ends of society and of the individual.



And how is it with regard to religion? All peoples have been religious; it is only what constituted religion that has varied. There is no item of experience, from the orientation of a house, to sleight of hand or foretelling the future, that has not been somewhere, it seems, the distinguishing matter of religion. Surely it is not this heterogeneous content of religion that is its essence. The rôle of religion is its slow and halting exploration of the spiritual life. Often it has wedged itself into blind alleys and wasted generations of experiment. It made a mistake and included within its scope not only its proper field, but also all that area of existence that is better handled in secular fashion. Its special field of the spiritual life is still in the process of delimitation. In that field it shares with art and with abstract

thought and with all enthusiastic dedications of the self, the spiritual rewards of life. What the future holds we do not know, but it is not too much to hope that it will include a reinstating and reshaping of the spiritual values of existence that will balance the present immense unfolding of the material values.



What is the upshot of this analysis of custom for our contemporary thinking? Is it subversive? Certainly not, except in the sense in which Copernicus's demonstration of the stellar series to which this earth belonged, was subversive. The culture we are born into, according to anthropology, is also—as the earth is in the solar scheme—one of a series of similar phenomena all driven by the same compulsions. What we give up, in accepting this view, is a dogged attachment to absolutes; what we gain is a sense of the intriguing variety of possible forms of behavior, and of the social function that is served by these communal patternings. We become culture-conscious.

We perceive with new force the ties that bind us to those who share our culture. Ways of thinking, ways of acting, goals of effort, that we tend so easily to accept as the order of the universe, become rather the precious and special symbols we share together. Institutions that were massive Juggernauts demanding their toll become instead a world of the imagination to which all those of common culture have common access. For the social function of custom is that it makes our acts intelligible to our neighbors. It binds us together with a common symbolism,

a common religion, a common set of values to pursue. In the past these groups have been geographical, and there has been little individual difference of choice among the members of a group. In the future there will be less geographical differentiation, more differentiation perhaps of voluntary groups. But though it will change the picture of civilization, it will not change the necessity in every sort of complicated human behavior of the cultural symbol, the framework within which alone our acts have meaning. The most individualistic rebel of us all would play a foolish rôle stripped of the conventions of his culture. Why should he make wholesale attack upon its institutions? They are the epic of his own people, written not in rime but in stone and currency and merchant marines and city colleges. They are the massive creation of the imaginations of generations, given a local habitation and a name.

We do not stand to lose by this tolerant and objective view of man's institutions and morals and ways of

thought. On the one hand we shall value the bold imagination that is written in all great systems of behavior; on the other, we shall not fear for the future of the world because some item in that system is undergoing contemporary change. We know all culture changes. It is one of its claims upon our interest. We hope, a little, that whereas change has hitherto been blind, at the mercy of unconscious patternings, it will be possible gradually, in so far as we become genuinely culture-conscious, that it shall be guided by intelligence.

For what is the meaning of life except that by the discipline of thought and emotion, by living life to its fullest, we shall make of it always a more flexible instrument, accepting new relativities, divesting ourselves of traditional absolutes? To this end we need for our scientific equipment something of the anthropologist's way of looking at human behavior, something of respect for the epic of our own culture, something of fine tolerance for the values that have been elaborated in other cultures than our own.

MAN FROM ONE ANGLE

Is He Any Good in Business

I. A. R. WYLIE

AN English journalist once remarked to me that women played the most essential part of his career. Because, though they were not exactly new, they were always news. In what is called in England the Silly Season—that depressing midsummer period when murderers cease to murder and the whole world seems to have sunk into a coma of reprehensible inactivity—the harassed hack-writer, seeking distractedly for copy, turns his mind to the one ageless and inexhaustible phenomena. And anon there will appear propounded in large head-lines such questions as, “Do Women Make Good Mothers?” “Do Women Love?” “Are Women Faithful?” It is to be noted that a question-mark is nearly always involved. Few writers have the temerity to make statements. The riddle of the universe appears insoluble.

Now this is curious. For women have been with us for some considerable time and it seems odd that they should still present such difficulties to the mind of man. Or is it perhaps that the mind of man has never been properly applied to the matter? Are men really interested at all in women as a sex? Do they honestly and sincerely want to know whether women make good wives?

Since man's marrying capacity is so limited by Western civilization, has such a general question any significance for him? Is it not rather the fact that women themselves—who compose the major part of the reading public—have propounded these questions, taking this roundabout method of getting some one to listen to them? Or is it that men—who occupy the chief editorial and journalistic posts—have thus cunningly deflected attention from their own sex?

After a long process of investigation which involved much close mathematical reckoning—for I was anxious to apply the latest scientific methods to my subject—I incline strongly to the latter view. Of a hundred males, chosen at random, only one per cent responded definitely to the feminine stimuli. (This was a poor specimen and his interest in women as such struck me as a symptom of some obscure neurosis.) Fifteen per cent proved incapable of realizing the importance of my investigations and maintained obstinately that women were merely human; twenty per cent wanted to talk exclusively about themselves. Sixty-four per cent—the majority—were eager to discuss women, but on terms which I, having carefully analyzed their private and professional

careers, could not but regard as symptomatic. As for instance, of those who argued freely on the subject of "Do Women Make Good Wives?" forty per cent had been divorced under most dubious circumstances, five per cent were wife-beaters and the remainder notorious tightwads. The question, "Are Women Good in Business?" provided even more illuminating data. For it emerged that thirty-five per cent of the men who spoke unfavorably, were bankrupt; six per cent had been in jail for various forms of commercial mal-practice; forty per cent were "rolling stones" and nineteen per cent were living on their wives' earnings.

With these figures in hand—and I am of course only giving the more obvious examples—I felt that the time had come to switch the search-lights of science in a new direction. Necessarily, with so large a field before me and owing to the fact that I am, as it were, a pioneer plowing virgin soil, I can, in the space of this article, only attack the subject of Man from one angle. And since Business is still mainly in masculine hands and is entirely masculine in conception, it seemed to me of vital importance to inquire whether men were really any good at it?

Obviously they think they are. But that is another matter. The truly scientific mind has no use for hereditary prejudices.



Now in all investigations of this kind I have found it advisable to follow, to some extent, the well-worn path. I therefore made it my duty to visit the more important business houses in London and New York

where women were in the habit of employing a large number of men and to obtain a symposium of their considered opinions. On one occasion I was able to gather at a round-table conference a woman lawyer, a woman bond seller, a woman advertiser, a woman editor, a woman art-dealer and the woman head of a large department store. Their remarks were extraordinarily illuminating, though I confess that I felt I had heard some of them before from other lips and on another subject—they had a familiar ring. Some of the anecdotes, too, showed signs of irreverence. But on the whole my informants appeared to be giving me a just and well-grounded appreciation of their employees and colleagues. I was not, however, satisfied to limit the range of my inquiries, and in order to investigate my subject *de haut en bas* I also made a survey of women employees in organizations controlled by men. Piecing my two fragments of information together, I was delighted to find they made a coherent pattern. Considering men both as employers and employees, the opinions were not unanimous, but they did unquestionably illuminate and complete each other.

The main trouble with men in business, it appeared, was that they were emotional, sentimental, vain, and irrationally ambitious. Their vanity in particular, was a serious drawback, for whether in a subordinate or a superior it had to be catered to if the subject was to function at all adequately. This experience appeared to be universal. The woman lawyer, for instance, told me of a case in which she was acting where both parties were anxious for compromise. A

member of the opposing faction accordingly approached my legal friend with the information that in order to reach the desired end it would be necessary to soothe and "butter-up" the male lawyer involved, and, generally speaking, make him "feel good." "You've got to make him believe that he's the whole works," said my friend's adviser.

"I know," returned the woman lawyer promptly.

"How's that?" came the question. "Why you don't even know him."

"I know them all," was the sad answer.

Women in subordinate positions feel this peculiar characteristic keenly. They told me that the difficulty of making their employers believe that they were "the works" while at the same time doing the bulk of their employers' work themselves was the cause of the large percentage of breakdowns among women secretaries. It was enough, they considered, to have to run a highly complicated religion without having to run a temperamental god as well. Moreover, they complained that this vanity showed itself among the male subordinates in even less amiable lights. Men were so naturally convinced of their superior capacities that they dragged themselves up by the bootstraps—as one woman expressed it—into positions they were incapable of filling except with an effort that made them old men before their time and a total loss in every other capacity. This confirmed my own observations. For in my raids on Wall Street I had noticed that there were no young men. There were boys and elderly gentlemen with paunches, high-blood pres-

sure and bald heads. In conversation with them at social functions they appeared, according to ordinary intelligent tests, mentally deficient.

On the other hand it was argued that vanity reinforced by sentimentality made men amazingly gullible. As long as a man was a classmate and a "good fellow"—which usually meant that he played up to the powers that be—they would tolerate not only inefficiency, but flat dishonesty. With the result that the best-run organizations were often built up with a dangerous amount of dead and rotten timber.



It is now necessary to consider in greater detail the accusation that men, owing to their passion for success, do not carry their inherent sense of fair dealing into their public careers. Winning the game, it is contended, means too much to them. As in sport—which of late years has ceased to be a sport (that is to say, a means to happiness, health and good fellowship) and has become a source of bad temper, intrigue and dubious tactics of all sorts—so in business, the end crowns all. It becomes a fight for life—though what the victor gains is clear to nobody, since he has had to throw life overboard in the process of victory—and consequently every weapon, every hold and blow is justified. Of this there appears to be considerable evidence. The woman head of the department store assured me that there were several big firms in New York so honeycombed by intrigue as to make life almost intolerable, honest work impossible and to bring the business itself to the verge of insolvency. The women employees were frankly "beaten at the

post" and figured only among those who "also ran." Not that they were superior to malice. But they appeared to feel that if they were going to commit moral murder it would have to be for something more important than a raise in salary. And here we come to a question of values to which I shall return later.

I must confess that in my own career the two serious instances of foul play that I have had to deal with were of masculine origin. The first instance was provided by a fellow author (male) who was jealous of what he regarded my undue success and whose endeavors to unhorse me were so "catty," and corresponded so perfectly with the popular conception of What Jealous Women Do, that I found myself involuntarily exclaiming, "How like a woman!" The other case involved the father of a friend of mine—a certain M. A., who in a financial crisis loaned a large sum of money to an acquaintance, M. B. This money M. B. was not able to refund, but he assured his benefactor, with tears, that should the day ever come when he could prove his gratitude he would indeed do so. Some time later he appeared before M. A. with the glad tidings that the day had come. He was, it appeared, in possession of secret information concerning a company about to be launched. If M. A. would only put his "shirt" on it, he would be a rich man. M. A. trusting in his friend's gratitude proceeded to put on shirt, coat and waistcoat—and for his confidence he lost all three of them. The company was bogus and had been launched by M. B. himself.

These incidents, of course, prove exactly nothing. Which is exactly

what I mean them to prove. I am following a precedent merely to indicate its worthlessness. Examples such as I have given of male perfidy, were they quoted against women, would be regarded as typical. They are not, in effect, typical of either sex. Nevertheless my women informants did suggest that owing to excessive ambition, men were peculiarly likely to condone and practise business dishonesty. Under pressure of competition they lose their heads and their ethics. The few cases of graft and corruption that reach the courts, throw only a faint light on this subject. And men themselves are so accustomed to these manifestations that they have long since accepted them as inevitable. It is only when women, endeavoring to conform to standard, take a hand, that they are profoundly shocked.

Women are, perhaps, severe critics in this matter. For in the first place they bring into public life their private standards of conduct. This is a serious handicap, but they do not seem able to help themselves. If a woman is a cheat and a liar and a fool in private life, she will be a cheat and a liar and a fool in business. But if she is a decent, intelligent human being in her home, she seems constitutionally unable to behave as though she wasn't, in her business. Furthermore, she has a conception of business totally opposite to a man's. She regards it as a means to life. The moment it becomes life itself, she wants to escape from it. In other words it is very rarely that a woman finds business sufficiently important to throw her personal integrity or peace of mind to the dogs for it.

The woman bond seller at my con-

ference gave me an interesting illustration of this point. She is, as it happens, a big success in her line, and had been offered a partnership in a new and very promising firm. The opportunity was unique; and she was refusing it on entirely feminine grounds. She realized, she said, that in the first place she knew more about business than her two male, would-be partners and that it would take all her time to prevent their finding it out. Also, in order to make the venture a success she would have to throw overboard her personal and human interest in her clients, and indeed her real life, which she considered was concerned with people, with books, with pictures, with music, with travel—and reckoning one thing against another she decided that it wasn't worth it. She had enough for what she wanted; and she had freedom to live. Fame and fortune could go hang. This refusal, she knew, would add one more piece of damning evidence against the sex. No man would have refused such an opportunity. Which proved, in her mind, that men didn't know their business.



The woman advertiser declared that men were short-sighted and bad psychologists. They didn't know how to handle people, were unaware of the limits of their gullibility, and they didn't see further than last year's sales list. They couldn't see, for instance, that persistent overstatement and bluffing both as to themselves and their wares was a boomerang just about on its home curve. Advertising, my woman advertiser said, had been a success because it was in itself a legitimate

means to a legitimate end. But pressure—the insane ambition of one firm to out-shout another—had driven it to such lengths that it had become a form of dishonesty, harmless only relatively because the public had come to realize that it was dishonest. The result however, in the public mind, was a growing cynicism that would sooner or later make advertising, honest or dishonest, a futile extravagance. The same was true of personal publicity, which successfully, if unintentionally, reduced every public character in the public eye to the level of a mountebank.

The woman advertiser admitted that she had had to play the game according to the rules. She was not strong enough to stand against the tide. But she maintained that the rules were rotten and the startling number of bankruptcies in American business proved that they were rotten. Also she was getting out. Bluff, she declared, may pay for a while. But in the end comes the show-down, the individual goes on the rocks and the business goes into bankruptcy.

The late-lamented war—and peace, for that matter—was, of course, one of the greatest show-downs in business history. But as it was a show-down in virtually every form of masculine activity it passed almost unnoticed. Its true inwardness of muddle, extravagance, waste and corruption will never be revealed. The war was run by business men. They were behind it financially. They supplied the goods. England, in the grip of the national obsession, clamored for business men in the Government. She got them. All

that saved the Allies was that the Germans got theirs too.

There is the classic story of the barge-builder who sold the British Government a barge. The price agreed on was two hundred pounds. The builder received his check. At the end of the next month he received another check. Having been, up to then, an honest man, he wrote protesting that he had already been paid. The Business Government of a nation of shopkeepers retorted that there had been a mistake. It was not their custom to buy barges, they only rented them, and they would continue to pay two hundred pounds a month for the barge if they had to send its builder before a firing-squad to do it. So the builder, having given up the attempt to be honest, became a millionaire—and the British nation is paying twenty-five per cent income tax.

Of course the story isn't true. It isn't half true enough. And if Americans think it's a funny story, any Englishman can tell them the much funnier ones that exploded faith in American business methods for all time. England rocked with them.



My woman department-store manager declared that her male colleagues were so bent on efficiency that they forgot what they were being efficient about. Their lives and their offices were so congested with efficiency gadgets that it took them all their time to keep them in order and to remember how to work them.

Which reminded me of a friend who was an efficiency expert. He came to tea with me one day, and after I had complained that I wasn't writing well, he asked me where I

kept my pencils. I said I didn't use pencils, but he said that didn't matter. There would come an important moment in my life when I would need one. And where did I keep mine? After considerable trouble I unearthed several fragments which, as he pointed out, lacked the first essential feature of a pencil.

"What you need," he said, "is a pencil that is always ready—like mine."

And he took from his pocket one of those beautiful gold objects that unwind just the right amount of lead at the right moment, and began to unwind it. He unwound it for some time. Then he explained that such a thing had never happened before. It had always worked perfectly. He would send me one and it would make a great difference in my career.

He then went on to tell me that he was writing a book on efficiency. It was to be eighty thousand words long and it had to be written in a week. This feat of physical endurance was to be made possible by a system of pads which he had invented. The writer wore a pad wherever the strain was most severe, under the wrists, the armpits and in the small of the back—nothing was said about the brain. He said it was a grand system and would revolutionize writers.

That was six years ago. The book has not yet appeared. And he has never even sent me that pencil.

Now it is very hard on women to have to lose faith in men like this. All my women informants felt as I do about it. They felt defrauded. They wanted to believe; their bump of reverence ached to reverence. My own bump began life almost abnormally developed and it took years of bitter

experience to reduce it to its present withered proportions. It was more-over so much easier and pleasanter to leave the world to men and imagine that as a consequence everything would be for the best. Not even the kindly males who when my car broke down would take it to pieces for me without showing any capacity for putting it together again, shook my belief that men did, in spite of appearances, know what they were up to.

It was only when I bought a house and tried to build on to it that I began to face the truth. Since I am a poor business woman myself I employed a first class London lawyer to put through the purchase, and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I discovered that he was innocently but resolutely handing over many hundreds of my hard-earned pounds to the wrong person. This little matter having been cleared up, with many airy flourishes on his part, I began to build. I had engaged a reputable architect and builder, and still having perfect faith, it was by the merest chance that I wandered up one day to see how things were getting on. To my surprise I found that the builder had built a kitchen without a door, so that in order to bring the soup to the dining-room it would be necessary to climb out of a window and make a detour through the rose-garden. Pointing this fact out I noticed that neither the architect nor the builder seemed particularly perturbed. A trifle like that appeared to be part of the day's work. Of course this was in England. But I had occasion once to make a structural alteration in my New York apartment and over that sad story I prefer to draw a veil.

Since then I take nothing for granted. I don't even believe my bank statements. When I give an order at a shop or a store I presuppose that it won't be attended to until I have given it twice and that the third time it will be done wrong. I don't go to a male lawyer or doctor, because I feel sure that if they don't know they won't admit it. The woman lawyer and doctor may not know either, but at least they will tell me so, and I shall know where I am.



Inefficiency passes unnoticed because it is so general. We take our dirty cities, our slums, our poverty, our strikes and wars as though dirt, congestion and strife were inevitable and not merely the result of shortsightedness and bad management. It is as though a crowd of dull-witted children took hold of a fine game and played it with rules and standards of their own. Since they are all dull-witted together they don't know it or realize how much more gracefully the game could be played and with what superior results. Their own results are bad—generally and individually—but since they have no means of comparison they are unaware of the fact.

Take the average business man in America. He is quite sure that he is a good business man—the best in the world. He works hard—from nine thirty in the morning to six in the evening. If he is still in a small way of business he works even longer, and when he is in a big way he works all the time. A fortnight's uneasy holiday in the year is all that he allows himself. What he lives for no one knows—not even for the security of his old age; for according to the in-

insurance companies only five per cent of his kind attain financial independence before they are sixty-five. I don't know what they look like when they are sixty-five or whether they ever attain that age. But I do know what they look like after they are twenty-five, and it is my mere woman's opinion that it isn't worth it. I remember once watching some boys belonging to an American military academy at drill. It was a lovely day and the fresh young faces and beautiful bodies were a delight to the eye. And then suddenly it occurred to me that something terrible must happen to all this glorious youth that it should vanish so completely.

"Where *do* these boys go?" I asked.

"Oh—mostly into business," was the cheerful and innocent answer.

To which I retorted sotto voce, "And very bad business too!"

Now this bad business is not an Act of God. It is not even an Act of the Devil. It is a demon that men have fashioned with their own hands. It is the necessity for honest work and reasonable reward perverted into an unnatural vice. And now there appears to be no escape. Having started as bad business men they seem doomed to go on being bad business men, to the end of the chapter. The situation they have created is such that even those who recognize the evil can't help themselves. The pressure has become so great that in order to make a bare living it is necessary to conform to the rotten traditions of the game. They have to swim with the tide or go under.

The accusation therefore against men in business is that in the first

place they are not efficient. They don't even do what they set out to do. In the second place, what they set out to do isn't worth doing. It has no relation to the realities. If there is any object in life at all, it is in human happiness and human progress. The accumulation of mere things whatever their nature, notoriously stands for neither. Slaving day in, day out, to create commodities that people don't really need, exciting artificial demands, forcing people, whatever their financial position, to live beyond their means—which is one of the inevitable rules of High Power Salesmanship—is bad business, morally, physically and financially. Some economists suspect as much. The more astute among them are beginning to ask what, for instance, is going to happen to a society over-burdened with luxuries that have not been paid for—when the slump comes. They are questioning whether this system of forcing business, besides being a disaster as far as mere human happiness is concerned, is not even more disastrous from the business angle. The writing is on the wall and is becoming faintly legible. Even in America the unemployed are beginning to line up. At present it is only a thin red line. It will widen and when there is enough of it America will have her red flag ready-made.

For society is supported by four main pillars—religion, law, politics and business. These four groups are man-made and organized. They are run by the same mentality. Business has set its seal on all of them. Religion is run on business lines and its most noted leaders make a boast of it. Law and business and politics are

so closely interwoven that no one can tell t'other from which. And the result? It is this—that religion has lost its inspiration and its legitimate influence; the law is despised and distrusted; politics are beneath contempt, and business, for all that it swallows up three quarters of the population does not, in effect, enjoy public confidence. That in this game of business every man is out for himself first and the public good last, is taken for granted and, as long as the fat times last, good-humoredly. Indeed as long as the fat times last and everything is comfortable enough, the fact that society has no confidence in its four main pillars may not be important. But when the lean times come and it becomes essential that men should have well-grounded faith in the virtue of their institutions, then the rottenness of the structure will be a serious menace. Without exaggeration it may mean the end of our civilization.

This may be all to the good. It may be that it is high time something happened. But it is certainly tragicomic that those who profess to dislike violent change are the very ones who are making it inevitable. Business men profess to abhor disorder and discontent and riot. Yet by their methods they have fomented strikes. They have created

Bolshevism. They are the secret organizers of revolution. That they are innocent in intention makes no difference. Ignorance of the law does not protect the offender from punishment. Slums and poverty, palatial and pompous offices and miserable homes, men essential to each other and to the general welfare living on the edge of nothing, or in the lap of an outrageous luxury—these circumstances may not be the result of malice. But they are the result of bad organization, inefficiency, shortsightedness, senseless ambition and a perverted sense of values. These failings are at the root of our human distress, both individually and socially. And of these failings, business men—since they created business—stand accused.



My women informants did not pretend that as human beings they were either better or worse than their male colleagues. Human beings were, they felt, just human beings. But they did maintain that there were certain essentially masculine vices and virtues which in business had become abnormal and diseased. And they considered that the best service they could render society was to stay in business as women and if possible, and according to male standards, make a mess of it.

VIEVE'S MAN

There Was But One Thing to Do

WILLIAM M. JOHN

HENRY was Vieve's man and Rose didn't have any right to him. He'd been Vieve's man from the day Ma died, and he come over to the house to see if he could do anything.

That was five years ago, and I was only eight, but I remember how we was all huddled in the kitchen together. The doctor had come out and told us Ma was dead, and that he'd have to leave, now, but he'd try to get back later. Vieve was holdin' the baby in one arm and had her other arm round Rose. I was hangin' on to Vieve's skirts with both my hands.

"There, there, Rose, stop takin' on so, and I'll get everything straightened out," Vieve said. She was always like that, even before Ma died. If Ma told Rose to go out and help hoe the corn, Vieve would say, "It's awful hot for Rose, Ma, let her stay in the house. I'll get it done." You'd of thought Vieve was Rose's ma, 'stead of just bein' her sister.

"Now, Julie, if—" Vieve started to say to me, when somebody knocked on the door, and she limped across to open it. Vieve limped most of the time, 'cause she never had any shoes of her own. There wasn't money enough for her and Rose both to have new shoes, and Vieve said

Rose had such pretty feet, she ought to wear the new ones.

"Oh-o-o, it's Mr. Werkerd," Vieve said. "Won't you come in?"

Rose dried her eyes, and fluffed up her hair, and we both went over to the door and looked out 'round Vieve at Henry.

"No," he said, and rubbed the red hair on his wrist as if he was tryin' to cover up the part where the sleeve didn't reach. "I just come over to see if I could help you. The doctor told me about—about your ma."

"Yes, yes, about Ma. If you don't mind drivin' into Trinidad and makin' arrangements, it would be a big help," Vieve said in the big kind way she talks. "I ought to stay here with the children, and I've got to get the rest of the beans plowed to-day, or there won't be any crop, and we'll need every cent we can get."

"Leave the beans. I'll be home in time to do that for you," Henry said, and started to go. He stopped beside the cistern and looked back. "You've had a lot of hard luck of late, but if you'll just not get afraid of it, you'll come out all right yet," he called.

Well, we sure had had enough hard luck: Pa and Madge—Madge was the best work-mare we had and she was goin' to have a colt right

away, too—was both struck by lightnin' and killed; Baldy, the horse we worked with Madge, got so scared when the lightnin' struck that he jumped into the wire fence and cut himself so bad Vieve had to shoot him with Pa's six-shooter; Ma took to her bed that night and Tuesday evenin' Jimmy was born; then Thursday mornin' Ma died. I don't mean to say that Jimmy was hard luck, for he ain't never been no trouble at all, but a baby ain't so easy to take care of with so much else goin' on.

Henry made arrangements, and Vieve told Rose she'd never seen as nice arrangements and as cheap. He brought his team over, and plowed the beans, too. Henry owned the claim next to ours, and lived on it alone, on account of never havin' any family that he could remember. He was tall, and not very wide any place, but, next to Vieve, he had the kindest eyes I've ever seen; the corners always looked like they was ready to gather up in a smile.

After that, Henry got to helpin' Vieve a lot with the farm work, and on Saturday nights he'd come set in the kitchen with her. Vieve would churn or iron or do somethin' she hadn't had time to get done durin' the day, and Henry would set there and watch her.

Rose laughed at Henry. She'd say to Vieve, "I suppose Handsome'll be over to keep you company, to-night. He's liable to talk himself to death some of these evenin's." It seemed to me Rose was either makin' fun of Henry, or complainin' about somethin', all the time. After Ma and Pa died she wanted Vieve to sell the claim and move into Trinidad.

She said they could put me and Jimmy out to board, and they could both go to work; that it would be loads easier than starvin' to death on a dry farm. But Vieve would just shake her head and say, "I think Ma would want me to try to keep you all together."

That used to make Rose awful mad, and she'd shake her fist and say, "You think because you're twenty-two you know it all, but I'll show you. I'll get out and get me a job, or a man that'll buy me the things I want, one of these days. You bet, by God, I will." She looked pretty when she got mad that way. She was little, alongside of Vieve, and her hair and eyes was as black as coal, and she wasn't red and hot lookin', 'cause Vieve did all the outside work.

Vieve used to talk to Henry about Rose. One night when he was settin' in the kitchen with her, I heard her say to him, "If Rose would only be satisfied and do what's right, we'd get along fine, but she's so sort of wild. I can't understand it. She's gone to the dance with José, that Mexican boy, to-night, and says she'll run away and marry him, if I don't promise to sell the place and move into Trinidad."

Henry said, "I could be more help to you, maybe, if you could see your way clear to marry me, now."

I heard Vieve walk across the kitchen, but I couldn't see what she was doin', 'cause I was in the next room in bed with Jimmy. "Henry," she said, "I wish I could. I want to more than anything, but I can't—not—not yet—till I get the children a little further along."

"Well, I'll wait as long as you

want me to," Henry said, "but I'd like to be able to help."

The mornin' Rose was eighteen, she come out in the kitchen and said, "Take a good look at me. It's the last chance you're goin' to get, for José's comin' by to take me into Trinidad this mornin'. Maybe I'll marry him if he can show me any good reason why I should."

"Oh, Rose!" Vieve said; then shut her mouth like she had pins in it. Rose went on back into her room and started packin' her clothes, and Vieve puttered 'round the kitchen. Every once in a while she'd stop and push back her hair with both hands, as if she was tryin' to remember somethin' she'd forgot.

Rose stood by the window and looked out, for a long time after she got her clothes packed; then she went outside and walked back and forth in front of the house. "I'll show that greaser, if he don't come pretty soon," she said to me when I went out with Jimmy.

"I wouldn't go, if I was you," I said. "Vieve don't want you to, and she's stirrin' up a cake, 'cause it's your birthday."

Rose laughed at that; the way you laugh when somebody tries to make you believe plug tobacco is licorish.

When Vieve had dinner ready, she come out and asked Rose to come in and eat, but Rose said she wasn't hungry. Vieve had the cake all iced and settin' in the middle of the table, but when Rose wouldn't come in, she took it off and said we'd better save it for supper, 'cause Rose might feel like eatin' then.

After I'd had my dinner, I took Jimmy and went out in front of the

house again. It was fun to watch Rose walkin' back and forth like a coyote Pa'd caught in a trap once.

Pretty soon we seen a dust raisin' down the road, and Rose run into the house and was out again with her suitcase and coat, quicker than a rabbit jumpin' into a hole.

"I'm goin'," I heard her yell to Vieve, and without lookin' at me or Jimmy, she run down to the fence by the road. Vieve come to the front door and stood there holdin' it open. Her chin was in her hand and she was bitin' her fingers. The dust kept gettin' closer and closer, and in a minute I seen it was Mrs. Smith and her kids goin' into Timpar.

"Goody, goody," I yelled at Rose. "It ain't José. Goody, goody." Vieve shook her head at me and closed the door.

Rose stood there like she was one of the posts in the fence and didn't even wave to Mrs. Smith and the kids. She stood there for a long time, then took her suitcase back into the house, and I heard her in her room cryin'. She had took Ma and Pa's room, after they died, and me and Jimmy and Vieve slept in the other room.

We didn't have the cake that night for supper either, on account of Rose bein' so mad at José she wouldn't eat. The next mornin' when Henry come over to plow, Rose put on her big hat and went out to where he was workin'. She stayed out there with him all mornin' and at noon she come to the house and got him a fresh jug of water and a piece of the cake.

When Henry quit work that evenin', he come in by the house. We was all in the kitchen, and he started

askin' Vieve about how much land she wanted plowed, when Rose stopped him by sayin', "You'd better come in and stay for supper, Henry."

"No," Henry said, lookin' at Vieve, "I'll take the team on over and do up my chores."

"Henry's goin' to drive me in to Timpar this evenin'," Rose said. "Ain't you Henry?"

"You're all goin' along, ain't you?" he said, still lookin' at Vieve like he was kind of ashamed the way Rose was talkin'.

Rose laughed. "In that flivver of yours?" she said. "Why, we'd break the poor old thing down."

Vieve looked at Rose and then at Henry. "I think Julie and Jimmy and me had better stay at home," she said. "We'll go some other time."

"Oh, all right," Henry said.

After supper Rose went into her room to get ready to go with Henry, and I took Jimmy and went with her, 'cause Vieve said she'd rather do the dishes alone, if I'd mind Jimmy.

Rose put on her best dress, and I said, "Gee, you must think Henry's goin' to take you to a dance."

"Men like to see a girl dressed," she said. "You can't catch a man in calico."

"But you can't catch Henry," I said, "he's Vieve's man."

"Oh, I can't, can't I," she said, dabbin' the powder at her face. "Well, you'll see and she'll see. She'll be glad enough to sell out and move away when she hasn't got any man to sit 'round with."

"I'll tell Vieve," I said.

"Go on and tell her now," Rose said, pushin' me and Jimmy out of

the room. But when I got into the kitchen Vieve was singin', and I couldn't think of any way to start tellin' her.

Timpar ain't but four miles from our claim and there's nothin' there but a depot and a store and some adobe houses where the Mexicans who work on the section live. I didn't think Rose and Henry would be gone long, so I asked Vieve if I couldn't stay up till they got back. Vieve looked so tired, like if Rose's shoes was hurtin' her worse than usual. I thought maybe I'd be company for her. But when they didn't get back by ten o'clock, Vieve said I'd better go to bed and she'd wait up.

The next day Rose didn't go out to where Henry was plowin', once, but stayed in her room and rested almost all the time. She said she wanted to be fresh for the evenin', 'cause she was steppin' out again. Vieve's face turned a little redder and she wiped it on her apron, but she didn't say anything. I was mad, 'cause Rose didn't have any right to take Henry away from Vieve.

When it was about time for Henry to come, I took Jimmy and went out in front of the house. I wanted to tell Henry how mean Rose was and that he oughtn't to quit Vieve for her. The sun was just settin'; makin' everything look like a red dress after it's been washed and the color run. A brand-new flivver stopped outside the fence. The driver called and asked me if this was the place where Miss Rose Egerton lived. I said it was, and he got out and come in.

It was Slicker, but I didn't know it then, 'cause I'd never seen him before. Phil Caskey was the man's

right name, but I called him Slickey on account of the way he looked; his face was white and smooth, and his black hair was combed straight back and always looked like he'd just wet it down. He was the new station-agent up at Timpar, and Rose had met him the night before when she went in with Henry.

Well, I was glad it wasn't Henry, and I kept gettin' gladder every day that Slickey had got the job at Timpar for if he didn't come down and get Rose every night, she'd borrow Henry's flivver and go up to see him.

José come by once and asked her to go to a dance. "I don't run 'round with greasers!" she said, and slammed the door right in his face. I asked Rose how about the day she waited for him to take her into Trinidad, and she slapped my mouth and told me to mind my own business.

She and Slickey went back and forth that way, all winter, and Rose never said anything more about takin' Henry away from Vieve, or sellin' out and movin'.

One evenin', when Slickey honked out front, Vieve said to Rose, "I wish you'd have Phil come in and visit with you here."

"Sit in a bedroom and visit! I'm afraid Phil wouldn't know how to behave," Rose said, and popped her tongue against the top of her mouth.

Vieve shook her head and said, "You could sit here in the kitchen and be warm and comfortable. I'd ask Henry not to come over any more, so you could have it all to yourselves."

Rose laughed. "Don't bother

yourself, old dear, Phil ain't the kind to let a girl get cold," she said, and ran out to get in the car with him.

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Things went along fine till about the time Vieve started to put in the spring wheat, then Slickey stopped comin' down to see Rose. I didn't notice it at first, 'cause Rose kept borrowin' Henry's flivver and drivin' into Timpar every evenin'. But pretty soon she quit doin' that, and just set in her room and moped most of the time.

Then, one mornin', I come in to get a spoon for Jimmy to dig with and found Vieve pressin' Rose's best dress. She put the iron back on the stove and took my face between both her big hands. "We're goin' to have a weddin' here to-morrow," she said.

"Oh, goody!" I said. "You and Henry are goin' to be married."

"No," she said, and turned her face away, "Rose and Henry."

"Rose and Henry!" I said. "Why, Vieve, Henry's your man."

She leaned over and kissed me on the forehead. "But I want Rose to have him, honey, and you must be a good girl and help Vieve make a cake and fix up the house. We want everything nice. Rose and Henry are goin' to drive into Trinidad this afternoon to get the license."

"All right," I said, "as soon as me and Jimmy finish buildin' our pond, I'll come in."

I went on out back of the chicken house where Jimmy was and started talkin' to him about it and askin' him what he thought we'd better do. I told him Vieve had always give everything she had to Rose, and done everything Rose didn't want to

do, but when it come to givin' away a man, that was different. A child four ain't much help when you are in trouble; he just kept sayin', "Dig, dig, dig." So I gave him the spoon to play with and sneaked back to the house and 'round to Rose's window.

The window was open and Rose was settin' on the bed, puttin' on a new pair of stockings.

"Rose," I whispered, "are you goin' to marry Henry?"

She jumped and dropped a stockin' she was puttin' on. "You little fool," she snapped, "what business is it of yours. I'm not marryin' him from choice and I don't care who knows it."

"What you marryin' him for then?" I said. "Just to get him away from Vieve?"

"If you'd learn to keep your nose out of things, you'd get further," Rose said.

"Would you rather marry Slickey?" I said.

"Damn Phil Caskey!" she said, jumpin' up and grabbin' the chair-rung out from under the window, and lettin' the window down with a bang. Then I seen her lay down on the bed and hide her head in her arms.



Well, I couldn't think of but one thing to do, so I done it. I walked into Timpar to see Slickey.

His car was settin' out beside the depot, and he was puttin' things into it, when I got there.

"Hello, kid," he said. "What you doin' clear up here alone?"

"I come to see you," I said.

"Me!" he said.

"Yes," I said, "to ask you if you wouldn't marry Rose."

"She sent you up here, did she?" he said, throwin' back his head and smoothin' his hair. "And she told you I'd promised to marry her. Well, what if I did? A man's got a right to change his mind, ain't he? Any girl ought to know that much, and I've told her a hundred times I ain't goin' to marry her, now."

I seen it all then. Slickey had promised to marry Rose, and then when he quit her, it made her mad and she'd got Vieve to give her Henry, so's she could get married quick and spite Slickey.

He finished puttin' the things in the car and brushed off his pants with his hands. "Run along home, kid, and tell your sister to pick up another man," he said. "Tell her adios, for me. My relief's comin' in on number nine, and I'm leavin' for parts unknown."

I didn't know what to do, so I followed him into the room where he slept, at the end of the depot, and stood there watchin' him empty drawers and pile stuff on the table.

"Will you get to hell out of here, kid?" he said. "I can't be bothered."

That made me mad and I said, "Not till you say you'll marry Rose."

I seen a revolver stickin' out from under some shirts on the table, and I went over and picked it up. Slickey's back was turned and he didn't see me do it.

"You'll starve to death waitin'," he said, "for I'll never do that."

"Yes you will," I said, and pointed the gun at the middle of his back, "or I'll kill you deader than the lightnin' killed Pa or Vieve shot Baldy—and that was dead."

Slickey wheeled 'round, and when

he saw the gun pointed at him, he backed up against the wall and turned the color of milk that's been spilled on the ground.

"Put that thing down!" he said, and rubbed his throat like it hurt him. "It might go off!"

"It is goin' off," I said, "unless you promise to marry Rose."

"Oh, all right, I'll marry her. Now, give me that gun," he said, and come toward me.

"Wait a minute," I said, "not till you've told Rose and Vieve and Henry. We're goin' down now to do that."

—

I set in the back seat of the flivver and Slickey drove. I was scared of the gun and I was scared of him, but I told him I'd kill him if he didn't marry Rose, and if he ever told any of 'em what I'd done. When we got almost home, I took a safety-pin out of one of my stockin's and pinned a kind of a pocket in my skirt where I could hold the gun out of sight.

Henry's flivver was in front of our house, and Henry was in the kitchen with Vieve when we went in.

Slickey looked at 'em both like he thought they was goin' to jump on him, and started stutterin'. "I've been—been moved to a—a station—

down in New Mexico—and I wondered if—if Rose wouldn't marry me and—and go along."

Vieve and Henry didn't say a word, and I said, "Why don't somebody ask Rose?"

"I—I will! I will!" Vieve said and run into the other room.

Rose come back into the kitchen with Vieve, and the way she hugged and kissed Slickey, you'd of thought she'd never been mad at him at all.

Slickey said, "We'd better drive in and get married this afternoon, Rose. I've got to be on duty day after to-morrow."

Henry took hold of Vieve's hand and said, "Can't we go with 'em. The children are—are far enough along now, ain't they?"

Rose looked at Vieve and said, "Come on, you might as well. We'll wait for you." And she and Slickey went outside.

Vieve put her arms round Henry's neck and laid her head up against his shoulder and cried till I had to cough to keep from cryin', too. Then Vieve reached over and pulled me in between 'em, and they both hugged me till I forgot all about the gun and it made an awful clatter when it hit the floor.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

Have We Not Trifled with a Serious Matter Long Enough

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

AGAIN a naval construction bill has been before the United States Senate. Again public discussion has waxed warm on the desirability of building or not building cruisers. Again retired admirals have pointed to the "inevitability" of a war with England. Again pacifist organizations have scouted this contention and proclaimed that with the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact in operation warships are an anachronism. Again the public—and possibly some of the Senators—have been confused by the irreconcilable claims of the extremists. Yet through all the discussion there runs a thread of evidence that the real cause of Anglo-American naval rivalry is beginning to be understood, and the problem which underlies it is beginning to be appreciated.

This problem is summed up in the phrase "the freedom of the seas." But the aptness and the poetry of this phrase tend to conceal rather than reveal the nature of the problem. Most Americans know the outstanding facts and dates of the country's history. We know we had a war with England in 1812 that had something to do with our rights at sea. We know there was some dispute with England during the Civil War. We know vaguely that there

was complaint against British high-handedness during the early years of the World War while we were still neutral. But few Americans have had occasion to read the history of their country sufficiently closely to realize how intimately this problem of the freedom of the seas has been interwoven with our national character and development. While our contentions have been generally the opposite of those of Great Britain because of the economic conditions which surrounded the two countries, the interest of all neutral countries—and even of Britain herself—in the ultimate acceptance of the American doctrine of the freedom of the seas, gives that doctrine a value which should prevent its being lightly discarded in the wave of righteous enthusiasm over the signing of the Kellogg Pact or in the general devotion to the ideals of peace.

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It would be hard to agree upon the exact date or the particular event which marks the beginning of the transformation of England into the British Empire. The development from the days of King Egbert of Wessex till the Imperial Conference of two years ago has been too regular to enable us to say with any degree of finality: "Here the British Empire

begins." One factor in the life of England, however, has contributed as much as any other to the building of the Empire. That is her prowess on the sea. One great political power after another has risen to dispute the English mastery of the sea lanes. Although some of these have obtained temporary victories, in the final struggle England has sent one after another down to defeat. The path of British Empire is strewn with the wrecks of Spanish, Dutch, French and German naval power.

In this history was born the British naval tradition. The psychology of the British people has been colored for generations by the conviction that not only their progress, but their very safety and existence as an independent nation, depend upon their ability to maintain their naval supremacy. In the days when war and conquest were the fashion, British sea power was maintained frankly for war and conquest. In these latter days, since war has lost its respectability, the old naval psychology has been rationalized into an equally potent conviction that as Britain is an island dependent upon her shipping for two thirds of her food supply, she must still maintain her old supremacy to ensure her against starvation in a war which some one else may force upon her.

The center and soul of this tradition is the British Admiralty. Here are gathered in each generation the men who believe most deeply and single-mindedly in Britain's naval supremacy, and the men best qualified by their force and skill to keep that supremacy a living reality. The Sea Lords are born fighters. They spend their lives in a world of naval

strategy. To them all politics become merely a matter of tons and guns.

The British Admiralty is made up of the heirs of the men who vanquished Britain's rivals on the sea. They are the successors of Drake and Howard, Nelson and Grenville. The Sea Lords, armed with the unanswerable argument of England's vulnerability in the matter of food supply, have attained an enormous prestige and a corresponding influence in English life. Their critics may demonstrate their fallacies, but they seldom manage to overcome their influence.

Nevertheless the Admiralty has had to make some concessions to the irresistible logic of events. For some time after the Napoleonic Wars, Great Britain was not only stronger than any probable combination of rivals, but was in a position to maintain her supremacy against all other nations combined. When this became expensive, the Admiralty adopted a three-power standard, that is a navy large enough to defeat an alliance of any three nations against Britain. Before long this gave way to the two-power standard. After the Boer war, even this seemed too expensive and the Admiralty called upon the Foreign Office for relief. There followed the alliance with Japan and the Entente with France. The Admiralty's problem was thus reduced to the necessity of maintaining superiority over the nearest competitor, Germany.

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The war eliminated Germany as a naval power but brought the United States into the foreground as a challenger of British supremacy on the seas. Obviously Great Britain, after the financial strain of the war, could

not hope to win against the United States in an armament race. The American naval construction program of 1916, if carried out, would have put Great Britain definitely in second place on the sea. The Admiralty, therefore, promptly acceded to Hughes's proposal for equality, retaining a measure of supremacy in their own minds because of the more thorough training made possible by their twelve-year enlistment as compared with the four-year period in the American navy.

The Washington Conference, however, succeeded only in limiting capital ships, that is battleships, aircraft carriers and cruisers exceeding ten thousand tons displacement. Largely because of the opposition of France, no limitation was placed upon the smaller vessels. This omission gave the Admiralty a new opportunity, and such funds as Parliament could be induced to devote to naval construction were turned into cruisers. Since the Washington Conference, Great Britain has built, or is now building, nineteen cruisers. Of these thirteen are of 10,000 tons displacement and carry eight-inch guns—such ships as Mr. Bridgman, First Lord of the Admiralty, argued vehemently at Geneva were "offensive" and not "defensive" in character.

Of this class of cruisers the United States has completed not one since the Washington Conference. It has two building and has authorized six more. Thus with equality in capital ships as provided by the Washington agreements, it is quite clear, despite the controversy over the number and relative power of the smaller ships, that the British navy is considerably heavier than the American.

It is this situation which has aroused not only our "Big Navy" men but many others to demand that the United States build sufficient ships to restore equality between the American and British fleets. The Navy Department submitted a program in 1927 which would have placed the American fleet on a par with that of Great Britain. This program was reduced by the House of Representatives to a provision for fifteen 10,000-ton cruisers and an aircraft carrier. It was this bill which was recently passed by the Senate.

The supporters of the cruiser program have not always been happy in their choice of arguments in favor of new construction. The contention that we are obligated under the Washington agreements to maintain a navy equal to Great Britain's is hardly based upon facts. The wording of the Washington treaty is entirely restrictive: it nowhere requires the building of any ships at all. Equally unfortunate, in this day of constructive peace-making, is the appeal to national pride and prestige. The argument that we should have a navy as large as Britain's merely because we are entitled to it and can afford it, is quite as inconsequential as the pacifist argument that because we have signed the Kellogg Pact we no longer need any navy. The difficulty is not to be disposed of by such surface reasoning on either side. The real problem has its roots deep in the history of our country.

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In the early decades of its history, the United States was a small power whose people were bent upon developing the economic resources of its territory. One of the chief instru-

ments of this development was its overseas trade. This trade was subject to constant interference, and was more than once cut to pieces by the belligerents in European wars. It was quite natural, then, that we should early insist upon the rights of neutrals as limiting the rights of belligerents. Our growing power soon designated us as one of the principal champions of what we called "the freedom of the seas." By this we meant the right of our ships and our merchants to carry on trade, contraband excepted, with any belligerent without interference from its enemies. At that time the conception of contraband was confined to supplies destined for use by the military forces of a belligerent. Except for one brief period the United States through all its national life has consistently held to its doctrine of the freedom of the seas. The exception was during the Civil War. The government at Washington contended that that struggle was merely the suppression of an internal rebellion. Great Britain, however, promptly recognized the belligerency of the Confederacy in order that British traders might avail themselves of our interpretation of maritime law. It was comparatively easy to run the blockade and reach Southern ports from the British possessions in the West Indies. Quantities of supplies were shipped from Britain to these British ports. The North therefore insisted that it had the right to stop cargoes consigned to West Indian ports which were obviously destined for the Confederacy. This extension of the "doctrine of continuous voyage" was quite out of harmony with our own arguments as to the rights

of neutrals, and after the Civil War we returned to our old contentions.

We had need of those contentions during the early years of the World War. Great Britain, faced with the choice of offending neutral countries or limiting the action of the British navy, chose the offending alternative. Not only was the doctrine of continuous voyage seized upon and stretched far beyond our Civil War interpretation, but by successive Orders in Council the list of contraband was so extended as to include every variety of article that could be of the slightest use to the Central Powers. By these two methods American trade was decimated and American rights flouted as they had not been since Napoleonic times. The files of the State Department dealing with British violations of American rights during these years are much more voluminous than those dealing with similar German offenses. The old conflict would certainly have broken out again had it not been that Germany chose to ignore American life as well as American property rights and brought us into the war on the side of England. These circumstances compelled us to adopt the British practice during the War, but we did not adopt the British point of view.



It is in the seemingly irreconcilable conflict of two points of view that Anglo-American naval rivalry is rooted. The British tradition, sacrosanct in the Admiralty's mind, demands that the British fleet shall be sufficiently powerful to protect British merchant ships in all parts of the world against any possible attack. This is a thoroughly understandable

and fairly plausible desire. The difficulty is that a British navy strong enough to give such protection is by that very fact strong enough to drive any hostile navy off the seas. When the British navy has thus established control, history offers a virtually unbroken record of the use of that control not only to protect British commerce, not only to destroy enemy commerce, both of which functions are quite legitimate under the laws of war, but also to cut off neutral commerce with the enemy. When the British navy undertakes to cut off neutral trade with the enemy, its action is of course directed against that enemy: it has no desire to offend the neutral. On the contrary it would be glad to have the neutral pleased over the proceeding. But no neutral has ever been so amiable. For the cutting of neutral trade with an enemy of Britain works the same injury to the neutral as it does to the enemy. In the past, Britain—with an enormous preponderance of sea-power—has always decided to pursue her tactics of strangling her enemies even at the cost of offending the neutral nations and even at the risk of provoking an armed neutrality against her. Thus far such a course has always been successful. The control of the seas through sheer preponderance of naval power has enabled Britain in every war in which she has been engaged in modern times to lay down the law for the sea-borne commerce of all nations.

The burden of this British policy, as far as neutrals are concerned, has always fallen most heavily upon the United States, although the smaller neutrals, such as the Netherlands and the Scandinavian countries, have

suffered in even greater proportion. During the decades when America's attention and energies were concentrated on the development of the West and the opening up of an enormous home market, her foreign commerce was a minor concern. She made her protests when Britain interfered with her overseas trade, but the matter never assumed sufficient importance to become a major issue and, except for the War of 1812, we have accepted such adjustments as Britain was willing to make.

Since the World War, however, the situation is quite different. The rapid increase of American productive capacity induced by the war has enabled us to supply with comparative ease the demands of our home market and to produce a large surplus for which we are seeking outlets abroad. This quest has been so successful that our foreign trade to-day runs very close to that of Great Britain. The figures for 1928, in so far as they have been checked, show the American total as \$9,169,000,000 and the British total as \$9,931,000,000. While foreign trade still plays a vastly greater proportionate part in British economy than it does in ours, the present situation gives it an importance for us which is quite new in our national life.

It is very well to say, in these piping times of peace treaties, that there is no danger to this commerce or that if there is danger it is not sufficiently great to warrant the risk of provoking a new competition in naval armament. The fact remains that if Great Britain becomes involved in another war and—according to precedent—the British navy is given a free hand to cut off trade

with its enemy, this commerce will be treated just as American commerce has been treated in the past. So important has it become and so widespread are its ramifications in our own economic structure that an attack upon it would arouse a resentment in this country far more serious than anything we have previously experienced. This resentment would rapidly dispose of the complacent contention now widely accepted that war between this country and England is "unthinkable." The results of such a war may be unthinkable for both sides, but war itself is much more a matter of emotion than of thought. The time to do the thinking that will prevent a conflict is before the war emotions are aroused.



It is difficult to see how the most fervid devotion to pacifist theory can affect in the slightest degree the fundamentals of this situation. The most generous gesture of disarmament would leave it untouched. Men fight as readily—perhaps more readily—when they have no weapons at all as when they are armed to the teeth. It implies no disparagement of the Kellogg Pact and the Covenant of the League to point out that neither of them carries any assurance of the prevention of war. The League Covenant virtually requires its members to go to war under certain circumstances. The Kellogg Pact is a mere naked promise which, as it recognizes the right of defensive war and constitutes each nation the sole judge of its own necessity to wage such a war, can hardly be considered as the final step in the abolishing of military conflict. Both of these documents give expression to

the desire of the civilized nations to eliminate war. Taken together they constitute what is probably the greatest restriction on war yet devised. But there is danger in looking upon them not as what they are, but as what an ardent idealism would desire to have them.

The League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact, however, while they have by no means eliminated the possibility of war, have introduced into the world political situation new elements which, if we can free ourselves from the dogmas of pacifist ideology, may be used as a means to further progress toward a real régime of peace. Each of these documents has a definite relation to the problem of the freedom of the seas.

The League Covenant contemplates an automatic union of the nations against an aggressor. This is still an untested hope, but it is a hope toward which the European peoples yearn with an eagerness born of unmeasured suffering. The realization of that hope would, of course, mean war, but it would be a war in which the humanitarian purpose was uppermost. It would in truth be a "war to end war."

One of the most important instruments for carrying out the League purpose in such a war would be the British navy. One of the chief deterrents to the success of such a united operation would be the insistence of the United States upon its rights as a neutral to trade with the aggressor nation. It is this possible limitation upon the effectiveness of the British fleet in a League war, which has helped to win European sympathy for Britain rather than America in

the discussions over the relative size of their navies.

It will be noted, however, that this whole line of thought is based upon the assumption that Great Britain will never be the aggressor nation. There is no reason at present for designating Great Britain as a probable aggressor against other nations. She probably has as great an interest in peace as any country in the world. But there is nothing in history to indicate that if the conditions should be reversed Great Britain would not resort to war. In such a contingency, the effectiveness of the League would be highly problematical. In any such event there would remain little argument against the United States having a navy "adequate for all purposes," nor would there be any question that the nations of continental Europe would look with equanimity, not to say elation, upon an American navy able to hold its own with that of Britain. For then we should be supporting, not countering, the League effort.

The devotees of the Kellogg Pact maintain, of course, that having accepted the obligations of the Pact, Britain will never again resort to war. It is certainly arguable that this is the meaning of the Pact, but it is equally arguable in view of the extended explanation which the British Government has made of its understanding of the Pact, that there is a very considerable area in which Britain can make war to further her national policy under the ægis of self-defense. The relative value of these arguments is immaterial, because the effective decision on that point will rest with the British Government itself. The sig-

nificance of the Kellogg Pact in the present discussion is not that it will prevent Great Britain from making war, but in that Britain must henceforth adjust her naval demands to the needs of her participation in a possible war on behalf of the League. This restriction of the British admissible needs must strengthen the demands both in Britain and outside for a settlement of the naval question. It does not, however, prevent a future British Government from resorting to war.

Our naval problem, then, assumes an entirely different aspect according to whether the British navy is considered as an instrument of the League in a general war against an aggressor—what has come to be spoken of in Europe as a "public war"—or as an instrument of British policy in a war in which Britain itself might be the aggressor, that is, a "private war." To be prepared for the second contingency the United States should obviously have a navy of sufficient strength to cope with the British navy. In the first contingency our needs are not so clear.

A bona-fide effort by the League to suppress an aggressor nation is clearly an act in the interest of world peace. Our insistence upon the freedom of the seas during such a war, insistence upon our right as neutrals to trade with the belligerents on both sides, aggressor as well as the League, would hamper and might possibly defeat the League undertaking. On the other hand, if Great Britain should embark upon a "private war" we should inevitably be more insistent than at any time in the past upon the freedom of the

seas, upon our right to trade with Britain's enemies. Constructive pacifists and supporters of the League should range themselves without question on the American side of such a controversy. It may be noted here, however, that the American side of the controversy would receive a very brief hearing at the British Admiralty unless it had in the background an American navy of sufficient size to hold the attention of the Sea Lords.

It does not follow that we are irretrievably condemned to participate in a naval armament race in competition with Great Britain. There is another way out which involves neither war with England nor a surrender of our national principle of the freedom of the seas. This solution was indicated by President Wilson in the second of his Fourteen Points. It may be well to recall it here: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside of territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

This proposal was made before the expressions "public war" and "private war" became current, but the idea behind those expressions is quite in harmony with the Wilson statement. Both clearly point to an equitable reconciliation of the British tradition of the control of the seas and the American tradition of the freedom of the seas. The compromise suggests itself. Let Britain pledge herself not to interfere with neutral commerce in a "private war" and the United States could surrender its right as a neutral to trade with

an aggressor nation during a "public war" under the League Covenant.

Such a compromise is hardly to be obtained merely for the asking. Despite the tremendous power and prestige of the United States at the time of the Armistice, the British Government managed to sidetrack any discussion of President Wilson's second point at the Peace Conference. It put forward the rather weak argument that the point was not involved between the Allies and the Central Powers. But the real meaning of their argument was that the divergence of opinion in this matter would be, not between the Allies and the Central Powers, but between England and America. The British navy was at that time supreme on the seas and the British Admiralty had no intention of allowing a British Government to weaken its position by unnecessary diplomatic concessions.

The concession of equality at the Washington Conference was made under pressure, and was promptly retrieved by accelerating cruiser construction. This was quite in accord with the Admiralty tradition, and there is no ground for legitimate criticism of the Admiralty's course. In the same way, there can be no legitimate criticism, as far as the legal rights are concerned, of the position maintained by the First Lord of the Admiralty in the Three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva. One may question the desirability of the policy, but the Admiralty's position is not open to objection on other grounds. Policy is a matter entirely within the province of the Government as advised by its Sea Lords.

The point we as Americans must

consider is that there is very little ground for hope that the Admiralty will abandon its hallowed tradition of British naval supremacy until something happens that alters its estimate of the strategic situation. What that something might be they have very plainly indicated. It is the prospect of an American fleet as large or larger than the British. The most potent means of bringing the British Admiralty to the support of a naval limitation agreement is an American construction program which it cannot hope to surpass.

It should be fairly clear from the recent history of Anglo-American naval negotiations that the authorization of an adequate American construction program will not precipitate a race in armaments. On the contrary it would be the most effective means of putting a stop to the under-cover race which is already going on. As long as we do our navy building in dribblets, the Admiralty can keep the British navy well ahead of us, even though it makes the appealing gesture of dropping a cruiser now and then. It can well afford to give up one or two cruisers as long as it can depend upon pacifist sentiment in this country to reduce our program by three or four times as many. Such tactics on both sides may slow down the race, but it neither stops it nor accomplishes anything toward putting an end to the resulting irritation and what Ramsay MacDonald calls the "unceasingly unhappy" relations between the two countries. Nothing could be better calculated to play into the hands of the Admiralty.

If we would but employ the obvious method which is open to us

and adopt a construction program that would at one stroke place our navy on a par with that of Britain, the entire naval controversy could undoubtedly be brought to the point of prompt settlement. It must be remembered that there is already a strong sentiment among the liberal elements in England which demands a naval agreement with the United States. To this is to be added a steady pressure from the shipping interests who, with all due regard to the British naval tradition, realize that because of the development of the submarine and the *aéroplane*, British commerce would be in a very precarious position in a war fought on the basis of the British interpretation of maritime law. Unless in such a war British power was sufficient to control not only the surface of the sea but its depths and the air above as well, British supplies of food and raw material would be vastly safer if all the nations had previously accepted the American doctrine of the freedom of the seas.

It would seem as if we had trifled with a serious matter long enough. Muddling along a course dictated half by military realities and half by pacifist theories is rapidly developing an antipathy between the two great English-speaking nations which promises no good for their relations or the peace of the world. If in our desire to arrive at a régime of permanent peace we will frankly face the fact that potential force is still a factor in world politics and that a counter force, potential at least, is the only way to neutralize it and destroy its obstructive power, we shall make much more rapid progress toward the desired goal.

THE GRAND BALL AT SITKA

When Alaska Was Russian America

BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

“**A**ND that night the Governor, Prince Dimitri Maksoutov, and his wife, the Princess, gave a great ball in the log Castle on the Keekor!”

Last summer in Sitka, the old Russian capital of Alaska, I sat with Madame Legia Artamonova listening, as I had often listened when a child, to her recollections of those glamorous days “before the Americans came.” For Madame was a citizen of the United States only “by purchase,” having been born in the Territory while it was yet a possession of the Czar.

We were having tea in her long living-room, which was faintly sweet with the perfume of apple-trees blossoming outside the open window. The thick maroon carpet was squared with patches of sunshine that made high lights on rosewood furniture and on the brass *lampada* hanging before the ikon in the east corner. Madame, a tiny, alert old lady in a high-backed chair, was busy with the samovar on a table beside her. Her face was deeply lined and her hair snow white, but she had a delightful way with her little be ringed hands; and the ivory-toned shawl of silk that had slipped from her shoulders had draped itself effectively over both arms of her chair.

About her was that indefinable poise that clings to a woman to whom many men have paid court.

While she prepared my tea in the Russian way with conserve of rose-petals, I looked out the window across Governor’s Walk—the main street of Sitka—to the Keekor, a high rocky headland rising precipitously from the sea.

It was on that historic eminence that Alexander Andreevich Baranov, the first governor of the Russian American Fur Colonies, had built his stronghold when he founded Sitka a hundred and twenty-four years ago. And it was on that same commanding height that Baranov Castle reared its log walls—Baranov Castle about which centered all Madame’s daring and romantic stories of the days of the Russian occupation.

The Castle burned down in 1894, but the little lady remembered it perfectly: massive, ugly, sturdily Russian, built of great hewn logs that were copper-bolted and riveted to the rocks of the Keekor. When Sitka was the capital of the Czar’s domain in the New World and the center of civilization on the northwest coast of America, the Castle, from its circle of mounted guns, dominated the island-dotted bay.

And below it trading ships from every sea came to anchor, while their captains enjoyed the lavish hospitality dispensed within the stockaded village.

In those days an armed sentinel paced continually in the cupola on the roof, and on winter nights a brown Aleut tended the four wide cups of seal-oil that burned before a reflector—the first lighthouse on the Pacific coast!

"That was in the early part of the nineteenth century, before I am born," explained Madame, as she handed me my tea. "But my grandfather, an officer in the Imperial Navy, who has come here with the first Russians, has related to me the charming way of life in those colonial days."

In her soft, faintly accented English she went on to tell that while the light on the cupola flashed out over the dark waters of the bay, the Castle walls beneath it rang to the gaiety of balls and banquets which echoed the richness and military splendor then prevailing in the courts of Europe. For here were assembled from the Imperial Circle at St. Petersburg, a gallant, reckless crew of colonizers, among whom were nobles and cavaliers, who brought their elaborate manners across the world to bend above the slim hands of Sitka's beauties.

Death lurked every moment outside the log stockade where hordes of murderous Thlingets prowled watching for any slackening of vigilance on the part of the Russian sentinels; but within the new-world Castle flowed wines of regal vintage, silks and velvets billowed in the candle

light, jeweled swords and gold-laced uniforms glittered, and the merry company, laughing at the danger, danced to the tinkling music of the clavichord!

But it was of her girlhood days that Madame was most eager to talk—days when Sitka was only vaguely aware that there was a civil war raging in the land the Yankee skippers called the United States. "Alaska has never since known such a splendor!" she exclaimed, with a proud lift of her chin. And I felt that though she had for over sixty years been an American citizen—by purchase—her heart was still the heart of a Russian.

"You see one of my aunts was married to an officer of the Russian American Company in Kodiak, and an uncle was captain on a ship in the fleet of commerce, so it was easy for me to travel when I was a girl. Thus I saw many things, both here and in Kodiak. But, oh! It was when I was going to school here in Sitka that I had so beautiful a time! There were four very fine schools here then—one for the sons of officers, and one for the daughters. Also there were the same number for people who were not of the nobility and gentry.

"That was in the time when Prince Dimitri Maksoutov was Governor of all Russian America, that which now is called Alaska. That was before the Americans came. I was fifteen years old, but already I was attending the balls at the Castle. Oh, how my heart beats when I remember those wonderful days!" Madame clasped her tiny hands. Her dark eyes glowed.

"On winter nights when the Castle was *en fête*, lights shone from every

window out on the snow, and the long stairway of a hundred steps that leads up even to-day from Governor's Walk to the Castle hilltop—it was like a picture! Like a fairyland it was, with Russian officers escorting us ladies up the stairs.

“And those officers! They were of such a manhood! So tall, so straight, so handsome in their dark uniforms with the epaulets of gold on the shoulders, and buttons of gold. And the doctors with silver epaulets and silver buttons. And all with decorations on the breast; for they were of high rank back in Russia.

“And we ladies—shall I tell you how we were dressed? Décolleté, in silks and satins and velvets so beautiful, with the wide swinging skirts and the cloaks of sable and ermine. And all of us talking and laughing back at the ones below on the stairway. All of us so happy on that old stairway!

“And the nights—they were of blue crystal, with the islands and the winter stars reflected in the bay. Stars were bigger and brighter than they are to-day. And the northern lights—but I have no words to tell you how lovely, how whispering close they were above the white mountains.

“Sometimes we'd stop on the steps to look down at Sitka lying below us—Russian Sitka with great squared-log houses, walls painted dull yellow, roofs red, and the Cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel with its emerald spires sharp against the dark evergreen hills! All, all sparkling under frost in the starlight!

“Then, behold we are come to the

top of the hill and are before the entrance of the Castle! The big doors are opened for us by the servants, and we all go laughing and talking up to the second story where is the ball-room. And in the small boudoir opening from it, we lay aside our furs. And we come out again.

“There to greet us stand Prince Maksoutov and his Princess. How we of Sitka love them! He so pleasant, so manly. She so friendly, so beautiful. She has, like all Russian ladies of that time who are married, the little cap on her dark hair. And when she smiles—ah, her teeth are like the pearls about her neck! Never was so gracious a princess, or one so democratic. She would dance with every man from the highest to the lowest in rank. And the Prince would lead out every lady to dance once during the evening.

“The ball-room? It was magnificent! All about the walls were cedar panels, and mirrors from Russia that doubled the hundreds of candles in the brass chandeliers. The splendid portraits of the Emperor and Empress—it was Alexander II who ruled Russia and Alaska then! The corner for the golden ikon and the *lampada*, all bright and shining! The silken red draperies, the heavy carved furniture that came all the way from St. Petersburg! Oh, truly it was of a splendor!

“Now, the servants pass with trays—little cakes, sips of wine, a bit of caviar. Or for those who wish, the steaming samovar in the small drawing-room to one side. After that—ah, the music!” Madame clasped her hands on her breast and swayed her little body. “The music of guitars, violins and piano—beautiful,

entrancing! And the strong arms of officers to hold one in the dance! We have the lancers, the polka, the waltz in those days. And how the silken gowns of the ladies sway above their slippered feet! How gay the laughing, the whispering, the love making! And how bright the lights streaming from the Castle windows to the sea!"

on

"Sometimes, on such a night," continued Madame, "a supply ship would come in across the harbor, and the captain and his officers would come quickly tramping, tramping up the steps of the Keekor. Come quickly tramping into the Castle and up the steps to the ball-room. 'Oh!' they would say, 'You Russian ladies make a light on the whole Pacific Ocean!'"

"And then we would all gather about them while they told us the news from far lands. For it was a glorious time when a supply ship came in. It took one year from Europe round the Horn to Sitka in those days, and it always seemed like a crown to the happiness of the night when the captain and his officers joined us at a Castle ball."

"And after Alaska was sold to the United States, did the Americans give balls at the Castle?" I asked.

Madame's face lost some of its animation. "Yes," she said. "A few. . . . I remember the first night when Sitka is Russian no more. The Americans have a celebration. General Jefferson C. Davis, who is in command then, and Mrs. Davis, give a great ball at the Castle. I go. It is a rainy night in October—quiet rain with no wind. The old stairway up to the Castle is wet and all the elder-

berry bushes on each side are dripping.

"When I enter the ball-room after laying aside my cloak, my heart is like tears. I see standing to receive us the General and Mrs. Davis, and in the background, like guests, are the Prince and the Princess Maksoutov. She has taken off her little cap and has arranged her hair after the American fashion, with curls hanging down at the sides. We Russian ladies—it makes us very sad. But"—Madame shrugged and made a gesture with both little hands—"but the American ladies, they are dressed very beautifully. And in a few days we are doing our hair like theirs, too!"

"The ceremony of the transfer of Alaska to United States? Oh, yes, I remember that day. The eighteenth day of October of the year eighteen sixty-seven—a terrible day for Sitka. Many of us Russians could not believe what was happening. Our country sold to foreigners! Soldiers in strange uniforms in our village talking their harsh foreign tongue! Carrying their strange striped flag through our streets! And that flag flying from their ships in our harbor! Those ships, I shall always remember their names: *Ossipee*, *Jamestown*, *Resaca*. Ah-h-h, there was much weeping and sorrow among our people that day. Even the Thlinget Indians were sad."

"And all that morning we watched our Czar's flag flying from the tall staff in front of the Castle—where you see that white marble shaft today. We watched it because they told us it was the last time the flag of Russia should float over Sitka. It was a rainy day in October—most melancholy. And in the afternoon a

company of our soldiers in full dress uniforms of dark cloth trimmed with red, marched up before the Castle, under command of Captain Pestchourov. They took a place on the left of the flagstaff. And then the American soldiers marched up and took the place on the right. Because of the rain Princess Maksoutov and some other Russian ladies looked down from the Castle windows. The Indian chiefs in their war canoes watched from the water below the Keekor.

"Then slowly the Russian flag began to come down. Slowly . . . slowly. The American ship *Ossipee* set off guns pealing, crashing, echoing through the hills, so one could not hear the sobs of the Russians. The Russian battery on the wharf was answering when—behold! The flag of our Emperor has whipped itself about the ropes, close, close, and there it clings high up on the staff! It will not come down. No, not even when they pull on the ropes! It rips its border clear, and there it waves free, free in the wind and rain!

"Yet, it is only for a little while. A soldier is hoisted aloft and he detaches it. He does not hear the calls of Captain Pestchourov to bring the flag down in his hand. He drops it. And the banner of our country falls on the bayonet points of the Russian soldiers!

"There is a moment when no one speaks. Then the foreigner's Stars and Stripes ascends to the top of the flagstaff. Captain Pestchourov steps up to the American representative and says: 'By authority from his Majesty, Emperor of all the Russias, I transfer to the United States the Territory of Alaska!'

"Americans cheer. Russians weep. The Princess bows her head on her arms in the window and sobs. And it rains . . . rains." Madame pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Ah, that is a sad time," she continued. "All Russians are heart-broken. Many of them do not want to live under the new flag and become citizens of the United States, so they are preparing to go to Russia. And yet they are desolated at leaving their homes in Sitka where they have been born. Some have not the money to leave, and so they have to become Americans. Then comes a time of much—what you call commerce. The Americans are very alert, very rushing. They want to make much business. They mark the land up into lots, and they sell real estate. They want to buy and sell everything.

"They like furs and are eager to possess the fur mantles of our Russian ladies who are going back to Russia. We are not yet familiar with the new United States money, so an American soldier bought the sable cloak of my aunt and paid her three dollars in American money.

"Myself? Oh, after the transfer it is very lonely for me in Sitka. All my friends are gone. All the Russian officers are gone back to the home country. My father is at Kodiak, so I go back there."

"And then, Madame? What happened to you then?" I asked.

Madame smiled—shrugged. "The Bishop of the Russian Orthodox Church in America is there in Kodiak. He has a younger brother. The Bishop sees me and thinks I will make a good wife for his brother! . . .

I do not care. . . . There is a Russian officer who is gone—"Madame's low voice broke, and suddenly she looked every one of her seventy-six years.

She was silent a moment. Then she shook herself gently and straightened her gallant little shoulders. "And so I marry!" she finished with a gay gesture. "And when I come back to Sitka again . . . it is all American. All American."

"Did you find it much changed, Madame?"

The little old lady smiled ruefully. "Yes. It is under the military rule of the United States then. And you see the soldiers and the Russians do not understand one another. No more do the Thlingets understand those American soldiers. We invite them to our homes to entertain them, and those foreign men insult us women as if we are squaws. We do not dare to go out on the street after nightfall, for they mistake our purpose. They commit great rudeness.

"They also rob our Church of St. Michael. And there is much outrage going on with the Indians. A distressing time it was for us. Then, when Sitka has been American for ten years, the troops are withdrawn. Oh, how we rejoice to get rid of those soldiers! Though, of course, we fear the Thlingets. Sitka is left in charge of the customs collector and the postmaster, and they have no real authority. So we think, certainly, that the men at Washington, D. C. will soon send us a more pleasant form of government, and some protection from the Indians. We are Americans now, and we must not look to the Czar for protection any more.

"Soon the Indians are rehearsing their wrongs at the hands of those American soldiers who are gone. There is much making of speeches and they all become inflamed with the desire to kill off the whites. We hear that the blood-thirsty Chief, Kat-lee-an, is planning to sack Sitka, kill all the men, and make slaves of the women. And we are helpless.

"We send petitions to Washington. But we get no answer.

"Meanwhile the Indians are becoming very bold. They say the Americans have abandoned Alaska and it belongs to them again. They begin to tear down the stockade and "pack" the doors and windows away from our empty buildings. Then we hear that Kat-lee-an is preparing a great feast before he begins his massacre. We talk of petitioning the Czar—but the Czar is far away. So we send instead a petition to the English Government at Victoria, British Columbia. Then while we wait to hear, we prepare for the siege.

"All the Russian women and children are barricaded in the House of the Bishops, where the priest lives. All the American women and children are in the Customs House, which is to-day the Post Office. Every man and boy is armed and watching.

"From our windows we can see the Indians dancing boldly through our streets in their blankets and war bonnets and death-masks. Oh, how we long for the protection of the Czar then! We worry. We wait for the American man-o'-war to come to our rescue. We cannot believe that our new Government will ignore our peril.

"We pray. But the man-o'-war does not come. The days go by. Kat-lee-an, remembering the firm rule of Russia, and the payment always demanded when the Thlingets took Russian lives, has to work up his courage to attack white people. But one day we learn that he is to attack that night. Oh, the terror and the praying in Sitka that day!

"But before night comes we hear the whistle of a vessel. 'We are saved! The Americans have come! We are saved!' we cry. And there, in the House of the Bishops, we are all shouting and clasping one another and laughing and weeping for joy.

"But . . . it is not the American man-o'-war. It is the British war-vessel *Osprey* that has answered our call for help from Victoria. She trains her guns on the Indian village, and the Thlingets, remembering the guns of Lisiansky's *Neva*, sue for peace."

"When did the American gunboat arrive, Madame?"

Madame smiled wearily. "It didn't arrive. But after the English had broken the siege for us, the American Government was ashamed. Later they sent us naval protection. And after that better times began for Sitka."

"And then who lived in the old log Castle of Baranov?" I asked.

"Ah! Who can understand the Americans!" exclaimed Madame Artamonova, shrugging her shoulders. "The Castle is left for them, furnished with all the beautiful things from Russia, but they do not care for it. No one lives there. Vandals break in and deface the mirrors, tear down the hangings. They steal

everything that can be taken away—all the brass chandeliers for candles, the books from the library, the rosewood and mahogany furniture, the carved railings and the panels—everything goes. Where? No one knows. Up in the cupola where the great light burned to guide mariners at night—all that is made ruin too.

"And so it goes during twenty-seven years after Sitka is American. We Russians who are left look up to the Keekor where the Castle is standing empty, neglected, decaying, all the windows gone from their frames. We remember the splendid days of Prince Maksoutov, and our hearts drip with tears. And soon the only Russian who goes to the Castle is she they call the Lady in White."

The Lady in White, as every one in Sitka knows, was the daughter of one of the earlier Russian governors. In the log Castle on the Keekor she danced and sang and fell in love, but her choice was a handsome young under-officer, instead of the high commander who sought her hand with her father's approval. The Governor sent the lover away on a cunningly planned cruise into hostile Indian territory, a cruise from which he never returned. The girl was forced into a marriage with the older officer.

On the night of the wedding festivities, while music and laughter floated out over the peaceful waters of Sitka Bay, the bride disappeared from the ball-room.

They found her later in a small drawing-room overlooking the sea. The white satin of her wedding gown was stained crimson, as was the little hand on which gleamed the wedding-ring of the bridegroom she loathed. In her other hand she held the shining

dagger with which she had taken her life.

As long as the grim old Castle remained, so tradition says, the Lady in White came back to it each year on the night of All Souls. And during the days of the naval régime many a gay young American officer spent the night in the deserted mansion watching for her return.

"Is the story true?" I asked.

She smiled. "Who knows? I knew naval officers who declared they had heard the rustle of her wedding train as she paced through the empty rooms, and they assured me that she left behind her the faint sad perfume of Alaskan briar roses—those roses we women of the North

use to perfume our garments. And some there were who claimed they had seen her standing at her window facing the sea, her wistful eyes heavy with tears, her slender jeweled hands outstretched in loneliness and longing to that young lover who never came back to her."

Little white-haired Madame Legia Artamonova sat silent for a while, looking out across Governor's Walk to where the hundred wooden steps mounted up through the elderberry bushes to the Keekor—the glamorous stairway which the laughing young hoop-skirted belle, Legia, had so often ascended on the gold-braided arm of another Russian officer who went away—and never came back.

POET

ELIZABETH ATKINS

She carries Katherine Mansfield's photograph
To barbers as a pattern for her hair.
She learned her softly puzzled, sobbing laugh
From hearing Miss Millay. She doesn't care
For Willa Cather or for Clemence Dane;
Such faces, dominant—assured, cannot
Have known the etherealizing power of pain.
Although so young, so sheltered, she has sought
The grief that truly is the artist's mother;
A callous criticism of a theme
Bruises her as a bludgeon might another. . . .
What bleeds so piteously as a dream?
She pants to publish soon; her subtle passion
May any day go wholly out of fashion.

TRIAL BY JURY

A Guilt-Determining Substitute in Criminal Cases

PENDLETON HOWARD

THE recent failures of American juries to convict in notorious cases where the evidence of guilt appeared to be conclusive, have gone a long way toward shaking public confidence in the entire administration of criminal justice. And the conviction is widespread among both lawyers and laymen that the jury trial is largely responsible for the interminable delays that have done so much to discredit our machinery of criminal law enforcement. Making due allowances for the crusading zeal of a certain element of the daily press and the perfervid rhetoric of superheated individuals who would doubtless welcome the adoption of an inquisitorial mode of procedure coupled with increasingly severe penalties, the fact remains that a considerable body of intelligent opinion in the United States is skeptical of the justice and efficacy of the criminal jury. Critics of the institution maintain with constantly increasing audibility that the complex conditions of modern life render it a cumbersome, unreliable and ineffective method of determining guilt.

Partizans of the jury, on the other hand, usually respond with a glowing eulogy of its past services in the cause of the liberties of English-speaking peoples and refer to it as the

"crowning glory of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence." They stress vigorously the point that it is incumbent upon those who join in the chorus of censure to find a substitute that will both safeguard the legal rights of defendants and better serve the interests of society. They fulminate against the "devastating influence of the reformer who would substitute experiment for experience."

Now it may seem extraordinary to the American defenders of this time-honored guilt-finding device that a substitute for jury trial has actually been found in the very country that gave it birth some six hundred years ago and that nurtured it through centuries of social strife and institutional change. Yet no fact stands out more clearly in any contemporary study of the English system of criminal law administration, nor is there any that is susceptible of more convincing proof.

Criminal statistics are frequently misleading, but in this instance they are both conclusive and eloquent. In England, during 1926, the last year for which statistics are available, no less than 69,695 defendants charged with *indictable* offenses—roughly ninety per cent of the total number—were dealt with in courts of summary jurisdiction, leaving only

7924 to be committed for jury trial at the higher courts. It is of especial significance that most of the cases disposed of without juries did not result from trivial infractions of the penal law, but were prosecutions of serious offenses which, in most jurisdictions of the United States, would be tried before "twelve good men and true." If we take into further account the large number of defendants who plead guilty when their cases are called for trial at the higher courts, it is probable that not over five per cent of the indictable cases in England actually reach juries. As an eminent English jurist told me: "The criminal jury is smoldering to extinction without protest and with but little debate."

The statistics just cited will be more easily understood if we bear in mind that the old common-law distinction between felonies and misdemeanors is no longer of any vital significance in England. Crimes are classified as *indictable* and *non-indictable*, a practical distinction based upon the mode of trial. Non-indictable, or minor, offenses are tried in the great majority of the cities and counties by benches composed of lay justices of the peace. In London and a few of the larger cities the same types of cases are heard by professional police-court magistrates. These non-indictable cases, being tried without juries, are said to be dealt with summarily; the hearings are called summary trials and the courts themselves are referred to as courts of summary jurisdiction. Indictable cases, on the other hand, may be subdivided into two classes—crimes of the utmost gravity, such as murder and man-

slaughter, which the law still requires must be tried only before juries, and a large and constantly growing number of important offenses that may now be dealt with summarily, providing the prisoner waives his right to a jury trial and the bench of justices before whom the matter is pending considers such disposition expedient. The tendency of Parliament within recent years to enlarge the powers of courts of summary jurisdiction to hear and determine indictable offenses, is the most important development in the administration of English criminal justice during the last half-century. It has resulted in the obsolescence of the jury, speedier trials, greater expedition in the business of the courts, a material saving in public expense and an elimination of unwholesome publicity in certain classes of cases. May we not in the United States, where there is such widespread dissatisfaction with the administration of justice, study with interest and profit this English substitute for the criminal jury—a substitute that is the product of both experiment and experience?



Prior to 1847 courts of summary jurisdiction could try only petty, or non-indictable, offenses. In that year Parliament passed a law permitting persons not more than fourteen years of age charged with certain forms of theft to be dealt with summarily, with the consent of the accused. Such cases had previously been tried only before juries. This legislation was frankly experimental and was followed eight years later by an act extending the process of summary trial to adults in some of the less serious types of larceny. Since

that time there has been a slow but steady encroachment upon the province of the criminal jury. Not only have newly enacted offenses of a serious nature been made triable summarily with the consent of the defendant, but some of the most common of the old indictable offenses have been subjected to the same alternative method of procedure, under conditions rendered from time to time less stringent. In the words of the present Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Archibald Bodkin: "The history of the development of the summary jurisdiction of justices over indictable cases shows with what trepidation Parliament at first substituted a bench of justices for a jury, and how as experience produced confidence in that tribunal, summary jurisdiction was from time to time extended."

Before the close of the nineteenth century it was possible, under prescribed legal safeguards, to try summarily all persons under the age of sixteen years in all cases except homicide. War-time legislation greatly accelerated the movement by permitting justices to dispose of many newly created offenses which forty or fifty years ago would unquestionably have been reserved for trial by jury. The treasonable offense of trading with the enemy, for example, along with certain prosecutions under the Defense of the Realm Acts, could be dealt with summarily. Under the provisions of the Emergency Powers Act of 1920, passed during the period of industrial unrest that followed the war, several new forms of seditious and treasonable acts may be tried in the same manner.

But by far the most sweeping changes were those effected by the Criminal Justice Act of 1925, which set up a new and enlarged schedule of indictable offenses triable summarily and simplified the whole mode of procedure. Among the most important of the offenses listed in the Act are the following: several common forms of larceny, including larceny from the person and in a dwelling-house; obtaining money and goods by false pretenses; receiving stolen property under circumstances which amount to either felony or misdemeanor; obtaining credit by fraud; falsification of accounts; false statutory declarations; certain types of forgery; assaults occasioning bodily harm; wounding or inflicting grievous bodily harm; indecent assaults on children or young persons under the age of sixteen years; indecent or obscene publications; and certain specified offenses against the postal laws and against the coinage. The maximum punishment that may be inflicted by the justices is six months' imprisonment or a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds, or both. Persons convicted summarily may appeal to a Court of Quarter Sessions on grounds of fact or law, or against sentence only; a further appeal may be taken from the judgment of the Court of Quarter Sessions to the High Court, on a point of law only.

The Criminal Justice Act indubitably resulted from a recognition by Parliament of the efficient manner in which courts of summary jurisdiction discharged their functions during the war period. It is significant that, outside of London and some of the larger cities, these courts are composed of unpaid lay justices of the

peace—men of experience and judgment who represent all sections of the community and bring to the bench many of the qualities that an intelligent jury is expected to possess. The court of trial sometimes approximates in actual number the twelve good men who try indictments, although, of course, a unanimous verdict is not required. It is said that the justices have the tendency, sometimes so marked in a jury, to ignore considerations of strict law, upon which they are constantly advised by their professional clerk, in an effort to dispense what they consider to be substantial justice. That it is only a question of time until the jurisdiction of summary courts will be further enlarged is the opinion of most experienced observers of the situation. A recent commentator in an English legal review referred to the new law as "simply another long step on the road toward the replacement of the jury by the justice."



Before resorting to a summary trial the court must be convinced such action is expedient. It must consider the nature of the crime, the character and antecedents of the prisoner, and the adequacy of the punishment which it has the power to inflict. If at any time during the preliminary hearing the court becomes satisfied that it is proper to assume jurisdiction of the case, the charge is read to the defendant and the following question put to him: "Do you desire to be tried by a jury, or do you consent to the case being dealt with summarily?" If he waives a jury trial, the clerk asks him whether he pleads guilty or not

guilty. If he admits the charge, the court calls for a statement of the circumstances, hears the report of the arresting officer concerning the prisoner's record and character (which is invariably of a detailed and impartial nature) and assesses punishment. Where the prisoner denies the accusation, the prosecutor (in England the person who brings the charge) and his witnesses are heard. Contrary to American practice, there are no local officials employed by the Government to conduct the ordinary run of prosecutions. If the prosecutor is represented by private counsel the conduct of the prosecution will be left in his hands. If legally unrepresented, the prosecutor may conduct his own case, although in such an event he is usually assisted in the examination and cross-examination of witnesses by the clerk and the presiding justice. Where the defendant has no lawyer it is the duty of the court to remind him of his right to cross-examine each witness, and if necessary to assist him in the task.

The defendant is next called on for his defense, if he desires to present any. He is informed of his right to testify under oath in his own behalf, comment on the evidence for the prosecution, make any unsworn statement he pleases from the dock in justification of his actions, or bring forward any witnesses to substantiate his version of the facts. The prosecutor is not entitled to reply unless some point of law has been raised for the defense. But if the defendant has called witnesses, the prosecutor is permitted to introduce evidence in rebuttal. Upon the conclusion of the testimony no

further discussion, except on points of law, is allowed. The court then considers the evidence and either convicts or acquits the accused.

The trial is conducted informally and expeditiously, but the spectator feels that justice rather than speed is the desideratum. It has the appearance of a serious and dignified official investigation into the facts, rather than a game of wits between two opposing sides with the court essaying the rôle of referee. In the majority of cases no lawyers appear for either prosecution or defense. This is one of the chief reasons why the ordinary summary proceeding consumes so much less time than a trial on indictment. In those cases where lawyers participate, however, there is no attempt to conceal relevant evidence by either side, no bellowing at witnesses, no dilatory tactics, no derogatory references to the accused, no appeals to the galleries, no judicial scolding, relatively few objections to testimony, and virtually no wrangling between opposing counsel. The court, or the clerk, frequently asks questions in order to clear up doubtful points and effectually terminates any attempt to befuddle the witnesses or obscure the issues. Logic and common sense prevail instead of rhetoric and confusion.

With all its advantages, however, the operation of the Criminal Justice Act has not been entirely free from criticism. There are a few High Court judges who have expressed the opinion that some cases are disposed of summarily which, because of their great importance and difficulty, should be sent for trial to the higher courts. The complaint is sometimes

heard, moreover, that in order to bring the case within the jurisdiction of the justices there is a tendency on the part of the police, the prosecutor and the court itself, to ignore its more serious elements and to deal with it on a less serious basis, with the result that the culprit is inadequately punished. For example, where the circumstances justify a charge of burglary it is said that the charge may be reduced to "larceny in a dwelling-house" in order to make it cognizable by the justices and to enable the defendant to waive trial by jury. Most unbiased observers, however, believe that apparent defects in the administration of the law are far from indicating anything fundamentally wrong with the principle involved, and will be remedied in the light of fuller experience. They prophesy that the time is not far distant when courts of summary jurisdiction will be authorized to try even more important cases and to inflict even severer punishments.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the non-jury trial is its popularity with both parties to the criminal process. The prosecution favors it because the case is disposed of without delay, with less trouble and expense, and with no material witnesses left to disappear or suffer a lapse of memory during the interval between the committal and the trial. The considerations influencing the defendant are even more powerful. If the nature of the offense or the circumstances of its commission has aroused popular prejudice in the community, he is likely to fear its effects on the jury and will prefer being dealt with summarily. Under such conditions trial by the court

offers an escape from some of the evils of "trial by newspaper." Nor is that all. Where the prisoner realizes that the case against him is a strong one he will be inclined to elect trial by the justices, with the certainty of a moderate punishment upon conviction, rather than take his chances before a jury with the possibility of a more severe sentence being meted out to him by the higher court. The story is told of a London police-court magistrate who had a pickpocket brought before him on the day after his own gold watch was stolen. Upon hearing the charge his indignation flamed up, and without listening to a word of evidence or ascertaining whether the prisoner desired a jury trial, sentenced him to three months' hard labor. The offender took it gleefully, as there was a "sure fire" case against him and a list of convictions which would have insured him penal servitude for a long period.



That the adoption of the optional non-jury trial in the United States would materially relieve congestion in our criminal dockets seems to be a conclusion fully warranted by English experience. We need not, however, rely wholly on the results of foreign practice. Several States of the Union have already made an even more extensive use of trial by judges than is permitted under present legislation in England, and with equally satisfactory results. The fundamental difference between the types of summary jurisdiction resorted to in the two countries lies in the fact that in the United States the trials of indictable offenses are conducted by judges of the superior

criminal courts rather than by justices of the peace or police-court magistrates.

Statutes sanctioning an optional trial without jury in prosecutions for felonies and misdemeanors have been enacted in Maryland, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, Washington, Wisconsin and Michigan. Four of these States—Maryland, Connecticut, Indiana and Michigan—go so far as to allow waiver in capital cases. The Michigan law, for example, enacted in 1927 as part of a new code of criminal procedure, provides that "in all criminal cases arising in the courts of this State, whether cognizable by justices of the peace or otherwise, the defendant shall have the right to waive a determination of the facts by a jury and may, if he so elects, be tried before the court without a jury." The Washington statute expressly excludes capital cases and the New Jersey act does not apply to indictments for murder. In Indiana and Washington the consent of both the prosecuting attorney and the judge must supplement that of the defendant in all cases. In New Jersey it is within the court's discretion to grant or deny the prisoner's request to be tried without a jury. In Maryland, Connecticut, Wisconsin and Michigan, however, only the consent of the accused is required.

In its Outline of a Code of Criminal Procedure, drafted in 1926, the National Crime Commission recommends optional non-jury trials in all except capital cases. Similar indorsements of the plan have emanated from the Missouri Association for Criminal Justice, which recently published a survey of law enforce-

ment in that State, from the Judicial Council of Massachusetts, the New York State Crime Commission, and the Joint Legislative Committee of New York on the Coördination of Civil and Criminal Practice Acts, which submitted a concurrent resolution proposing an amendment to the State Constitution authorizing waiver legislation.

Since both the Federal and State Constitutions contain certain clauses guaranteeing the right to trial by jury, it follows that the validity of laws permitting waiver depends on the construction placed by the court on the particular provision under consideration. The constitutionality of this type of legislation has thus far been sustained. In a recent exhaustive study of the question Professor S. C. Oppenheim concludes that "most constitutional provisions support the construction that jury trial is a *privilege* intended solely for the benefit of the accused and one which he may forego at his election, provided there is legislative authority for so doing." In other words, it is probable that waiver legislation may be enacted in most States without constitutional amendments.

According to the Baltimore Criminal Justice Commission, the great majority of criminal cases in Maryland is dealt with by judges, ninety-three per cent being thus tried in 1925. The criminal courts of Baltimore are able to dispose of ninety-two per cent of the cases within three weeks of arrest—a record perhaps unparalleled in the United States. Judge Carroll T. Bond of the Maryland Court of Appeals writes that "charges of a revolting nature, as crimes against women and girls,

seem to be tried more frequently before the court" and that negro prisoners "frequently prefer this method of trial to avoid any race prejudice in the jury box." In Connecticut, where the law has been in force since 1921, it is reliably reported that about seventy per cent of all criminal cases are tried before judges without juries. The Clerk of the Supreme Court of Errors at Hartford states that the plan "certainly saves very considerable time and money and is apparently preferred by a decided majority of the accused." Reports recently received from court officials in Wisconsin, Indiana and New Jersey indicate that a considerable proportion of cases in those States are tried without juries with satisfactory results. In Michigan the act is of too recent origin to justify definite conclusions in respect to its effectiveness. It seems that only in Washington is the statute rarely made use of.

It is perhaps inevitable that a civilization such as ours, dominated largely by material factors and quantity production, should be unduly optimistic of the working of mechanical contrivances in the science of politics. Nor do we sufficiently realize that the successful operation of our criminal-law machinery is dependent on the character of the public servants who operate it and on the social and ethical standards of our society. Those who expect any radical curtailment of criminal activities to result solely from such simple expedients as procedural reforms and increased penalties are likely to suffer rude and permanent disillusionment. But the

baffling complexity of our problem of crime and the extent to which its causes are rooted in the social organism, are only additional reasons why we should perfect, wherever possible, our machinery of law enforcement.

The English people are not unmindful of their debt to the jury trial. It served in the past not only to combat the exercise of arbitrary power by a despotic executive, but to mitigate the rigors of one of the most barbarous penal codes in history. Yet gratitude for its historic services has not prevented the passage of legislation sanctioning a gradual but none the less certain encroachment upon its province.

The breakdown of American criminal law administration is a challenge to the intelligence and organizing genius of our people. One trouble is that we are attempting to solve with far less workable judicial machinery, infinitely more complex problems of law enforcement than those which confront England. The success of summary jurisdiction in that country demonstrates that governmental devices fashioned to serve the political and social requirements of a distant past, ought to be reconsidered and evaluated in the light of modern conditions and the tested needs of the present. The antiquity of an institution is no adequate proof of its utility.

SWIMMERS

ANNE LLOYD

Are we mere bits of flotsam floating free,
 Borne on a careless wave, hurled to the gloom
 Of deep green-girdled caves, then giddily
 Swung to precipitous peaks of crested spume;
 Beaten by rain and wind; incased in ice;
 Tangled in kelp; lifted to clear blue air—
 Toys of a petulant sea that in a trice
 Tosses us on a beach to dry-rot there?

No. We are swimmers resolutely aiming
 At definite sands. Calmly and with slow breath,
 Cleaving white water; ultimately taming
 Unbroken steeds that wildly race with death,
 And holding, with our faces toward the sun,
 Neptune in leash until the shore be won.

THREE WAYS OF SAYING THINGS

Statement, Overstatement and Understatement

C. E. MONTAGUE

IN THE innocence of second childhood *Mr. Justice Shallow* said to *Ancient Pistol*: "If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them." That, as other children say, was all that *Shallow* knew. For of uttering "them" alone there are three ways, apart from all the ways of concealing them. At any rate, there are three ways of trying to make them attractive when uttered. You may state them about twice as big as they are, or about half as big as they are, or, if you have skill and complete confidence in your skill, you may state them only just as big as they are.

Of these three methods, the most widely used is the first. News treated in this way yields a living to most of the world's party journalists—and not to the duffers only, but to some of the most capable and readable. You open the London "Morning Post," still a well-written paper, though somewhat battered by fate, and find this vivacious reflection on Mr. Lloyd George at the end of his war premiership: "He left, not this party, or that, but every political party, every respectable voter, and indeed every thinking man the world over, sick to the soul of 'Lloyd

Georgeism' and all that it implied." You see—"every" political party—even his own special band of loyal dervishes. And "every" respectable voter—even that churchwarden neighbor of yours who never, never would hear a word against Lloyd George, the "man who won the war." And "every" thinking man, "the world over," "sick to the soul"—every pensive farmer in the rural wilds of Spain, every meditative friar in a rock monastery in Tibet—all hopelessly convulsed by the one nauseating vision of Mr. Lloyd George!

You may laugh. You may feel morally sure that no mere contemporary man, not even Mr. Charles Chaplin has ever occupied the mind of every thinking man on this globe; that no universal turning of the spiritual stomach has ever been effected, even by emetics as powerful as Horatio Bottomley. And yet the author of that fantasia knew what he was doing. Even you yourself, with your Greek liking for moderation, are a little tickled with the fancy that history would at any rate be amusing if it were really like that. And to many loyal fellow partizans of the writer—even to those who see how fantastic it is—it somehow gives just what they had wanted.

It "gets there," as they would say. They feel better after reading it.

After all it is the natural or the chosen method of the finest pamphleteer now writing in English. "Nine out of every ten clergymen have no religious convictions"; the medical profession is, "A conspiracy to exploit popular credulity and human suffering"; "the smattering of science that all—even doctors—pick up from the ordinary newspapers nowadays only makes the doctor more dangerous than he used to be." If you look at each passage by itself, all that you can say is, "What rubbish!" Yet, in their completion, the prefaces of Mr. Bernard Shaw, whence they come, can scarcely have been beaten for dynamic effect on people's minds, by anything since Huxley's lance breaking in defense of evolution. In fact, they have done much to turn the laughs against some forms of mean delusion and cowardice. By bringing in this Beelzebub of enormous, thousandfold exaggeration Mr. Shaw has routed out some quite sizeable devils. Or, like a rifleman, he has found that to point a rifle quite straight at a distant target on a windy day, is not the way to hit it.

In this he keeps good company. To interest people in his contention that there was a lot of bad work going on in the Rome of his time, Juvenal makes out that the whole place was only fit to be put into an incinerator or towed out to sea and sunk. To give an arresting flavor to his remarks on some human deficiencies, Swift through the *King of Brobdingnag*, puts it no lower than that the bulk of mankind are "the most pernicious race of little odious

vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." Almost every leader of an opposition, however talented, says of almost every big government bill which he has to oppose, that it is the most monstrous hash of crude and undigested proposals that he remembers in a long Parliamentary experience. A gifted Labor member who wants to say effectively that a new pensions bill should confer still more than it does on the pensioners, says that it is the most brutal insult ever flung in the face of the poor.

Nobody, speaker or hearer, thinks of believing these flourishes. Nobody would look up the previous hashes and insults referred to, so as to test the soundness of the eloquent person's comparison. No one imagines them sound. It is all a form, a flourish, a figure of speech, and yet somehow it does serve a purpose, if only to convey a vague impression of robust and salutary trenchancy. To minds jaded with debauches of overemphasis, it does contrive to give a thrill. It bites, as a liquor three times as potent as whisky, might amuse for the moment a palate which has lost the power to be tickled by the common whisky of this world.

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An alternative sauce for assertion is hearty and spirited understatement. "Not 'arf," says the Cockney, when wishing to say that a thing is an ample whole. "The time has been," says *Macbeth*, "that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end." The British school-boy has no terms of praise more emphatic than "Pretty decent," unless it be "Good enough."

To spring, in his audience, a vivid sense of the extreme barrenness of the Sahara, a British statesman describes it as "very light soil." To a woman brawling abuse from the door of an inn, Charles Lamb imputes certain "murmurs not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced." America does herself equal justice. She it was that first called the Atlantic "the herring pond," and "the drink," and Noah's Flood "the big rain" and said that a rattlesnake's bite would "do you no good at all." The Greeks had a recognized name for this ruse of saying much less than you mean, in the hope that your hearer's mind will make good even more than the large percentage of discount which you have deducted from the truth—cunning fellow, casting your bread on the waters, under the form of a kind of rebate, in sure and certain faith that it will return to you buttered.

Aristotle has warned us that when a great many people are found to believe in a thing, it is rash to think that you can just pooh-pooh it as bunkum, "and there an end" as *Macbeth* might have said. So when the children, the illiterate adults and the best writers of two hemispheres, in our time agree with classical antiquity in deeming a figure of speech to be worth frequent use, that figure of speech is no cipher. To that, as Stevenson's wise pirate says, you can lay.

Is it that others, besides lovers, find things more piquant when they are presented in miniature? Or is the proper analogy to be found on the stock-exchange? When we float some bubble statement, are we likely to

secure a bigger rush of subscriptions from the credulous by putting our stock on the market amazingly much below par? Little I know—only that all but a few whimsical persons seem to be urged by some instinct of style either to overstate things by one hundred per cent or to understate them by fifty per cent, in order to make the statement tell better. The simple, unspoilt boy reports a certain dullness in a friend by calling him a "gibbering idiot." The simple, unspoilt Irish peasant merely says of an actual, a certified village idiot that "he's as apt to do one thing as another." Both only want to accentuate what they say—to give it a savor, like the best authors. Horses used to shy, says Mr. Kipling, when one of his characters smiled. Some other standard author would have tried to get the same effect by saying that the man was not exactly an Apollo.



There is yet a third sauce but it takes canny cooking. Straight and narrow is the path and few shall walk therein.

The most rousing preacher in Oxford, a generation ago, was Benjamin Jowett. He never, as some preachers did, put it to two hundred healthy young men that, as a quite likely thing, they might die in the course of the next night and have to give God, about breakfast time, an account of their stewardships. Neither did he suggest, as other preachers did, that they were all going to live to be three score and ten. What he said was, "I find it set down in tables that the average duration of human life, at the age of twenty-one, is about thirty-six years. We may

hope for a little more; we may fear a little less; but, speaking generally, thirty-six years, or about thirteen thousand days, is the time in which our task must be accomplished." For myself, and some others, at least, I can certify this: our young minds were so electrified by this quaint piece of precision, so unexpected from a pulpit, that they were instantly opened wide for the reception of what followed—that we should be shabby fellows if we spent any serious proportion of our thirteen thousand days in shirking or whining or sponging on the more manful part of mankind.

The late Lord Morley of Blackburn spoke once of "the irony of absolutely literal statement," and he used to practise a kind of Quakerish finesse of accuracy, with a lively relish of its surprising and amusing flavor for the palates of readers surfeited with the common bawling and bungling, the wild overstatements and wild understatements of public dispute. It is true that this means of persuasion depends for a good deal of its force on the presence of a certain background. Anything stated with complete calmness and fastidious precision in the midst of a heated controversy has almost the effect of a satiric epigram. It gains, for your mind, an odd distinctness and authority; it has a cunning touch of flattery; it seems to summon you away from the company of these brawling fellows and to bid you use the brains with which it does you the honor of crediting you. If ever the supply of headlong over-staters and under-staters should run short, the effectiveness of literalism might undoubtedly languish. "It's blokes like

me," the brawlers may say to the literalists, as the burglar said to the judge of assize, "that keep blokes like you." But of that loss of a favorable environment there seems to be no immediate danger.

Some years ago we read with singular pleasure a new guide-book, by Mr. A. G. Bradley, to the English Lake District. Its specific charm was simply that it left out all the gush. You felt that he loved the places he was describing, but he never tried to exhale more passion or pathos than there was in him; about John Peel he was not laboriously plaintive; he did not quote Wordsworth to death, nor assume that Wordsworth's spirit animated the whole lake population; he was not afraid to confess that in presence of some much hymned titbits of landscape, he had felt nothing more than a balked willingness to be bewitched if only they would bewitch him. In short, he never tried to make the waters of his sentiment rise higher than their source. And the result was a book as refreshing to read, after most books of its kind, as a cool bath is to take after much dusty walking.

Piquancy of a similar kind was sometimes attained in the verse of Lord Houghton. After all the sound and fury of the traditional tirades of slighted lovers against the beloved object's perfidies, one's mind would give a little leap of joy on reading a remonstrance tempered, for once, by a sensitive justice:

"And yet you were not wholly kind,
Nor altogether true."

Such a poet gives up much, but he may gain a choice quietude, a cool

radiance of mingled sanity and sensibility, as moving to many civilized readers as a more Sapphic fervor.

In one large province of modern letters a golden opportunity would appear to await the cook who knows how to vary his condiments. Let no one scorn the modern writer of advertisements. None of the trades that use ink has grown within living memory so wondrously as his. It is the one true Jacob's ladder of our time, the authentic Beanstalk. The middle-aged may remember the wonder and the friendly apprehensions of the Victorian period as it surveyed the ventures of the copious advertiser in those his salad days. They were the days of "Griffith, the Safe Man," of "Daffy's Elixir" for the ailing infant, "Good-morning," you were hailed from the walls of a thousand railway stations, "have you used Pears' soap?"

Most of the wise of the world would wag their heads in those early times and wonder would Mr. Daffy ever get back the money he must spend on his large square mileage of enameled tin? Would the public really buy the handiwork of Mr. Griffith, or would it merely think that the only man who needed an extra thickness of cool steel on the doors of his safes was the man who received the money that Griffith was using to beautify public places with his "slogan"? But time has vindicated the prudence of the Griffiths, the Daffys and the Pears. First-rate holiday resorts, even first-class European powers walk to-day along the trails blazed by these hardy pioneers in a relatively primitive age. Dis-

putes between employer and workmen are waged in advertisement columns to-day; in the World War the Allies raised by copious advertisement both the men and the loans needed to finish the business, and the British and the German army advertised in each other's trenches for deserters; some British farmers with land beside main lines of railways are said to find big boldly silhouetted advertisements to be the most remunerative of their crops; advertisement was the means employed, not long since, by a man who wanted to find a woman to murder; even the stone warriors lying face upward on top of cenotaphs have before their eyes the names of "stunt" journals, daubed on the clear firmament in trails of smoke. Either it must pay to advertise much, or it must be vehemently imagined to do so. For advertising still goes up and up, like the *Ancient Mariner's* moon, and "nowhere" does abide.

Yet much of it is artless. Just look at the current advertisements of theaters. Every tube station in London is papered with unescapable assertions that some play is that which any tube traveler who cares about plays knows it is not. Any number of plays too notoriously dull to live long in London are cried about the other cities of the island as "the success of the London season." A farce universally known to be middling is mechanically affirmed on the bills, to be the most screaming ever seen, and "a roar from the first word to the last." With a few fascinating exceptions the trade in drama seems to be prosecuted in a world of perfunctory fibs which no one believes, and which no one supposes that any

one can believe. In the textile trades of the North they sell goods not merely as of first or second quality but as first-rate, good, middling, middling to good, and many other fine shades. Clearly they do not think that it would be of use to copy the quack medicine merchants and praise all their wares in terms so extravagant that a sane buyer is instantly steeled against believing even that percentage of these praises which may perhaps be true. But most of the theater managers stand by the quacks, shoulder to shoulder; they still keep at a dead mechanical false pitch of emphasis, struggling feebly to arrest and thrill, and achieving only a sort of violent flatness.

Perhaps they feel that whether they like it or not, fate has set them to sell in a mart where all other sellers shout at the tops of their voices, so that unless they shout too, they will never be heard. Many non-commissioned officers have a firm belief that without a due admixture of curses, an order is unaudible to a private, or that it will skid lightly off the private's mind without biting on that unstable surface. These simple faiths generally arise from states of things which have already passed away, and which have themselves helped to create new states, by which their own validity is lessened. A private who has never known a sergeant that did not swear at him on all occasions, is apt to be fascinated, rather than left inattentive, by one who leaves out the "bloodies." The grand old damning and blasting sergeants have made the path straight for less richly expletory successors. By offering themselves as

foils to the sergeant who swears not at all, or not much, they endow him beforehand with the charm of novelty; they give him, gratis, the advantage of the figure of contrast, so admirably used by Ovid—as the wise *Moses* says in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

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Why not try it on the playgoer? When will some shrewd manager be shrewd enough to perceive that in a world full of dull shrieking the still, small voice, the boast foregone, the falsehood dispensed with, the absurdity renounced, the fact understated, or stated with demurely delicate precision, have power to pique and almost to startle? Imagine a tube station wall on which half the plays running were puffed in the insipidly bawling old way and the other half were sized up, with a fastidious nicety and containment, for just what they were worth—a weak third act admitted, any comparison with real greatness disclaimed, but still quite an amusing piece on the whole, as pieces go now. With what a glow of respectful liking one's heart would warm to the play thus announced. One would feel the same trust that the Harley Street manner engenders, compared with the yells of hoarse cheap-jacks who sell at dockyard gates a pill warranted to cure measles, toothache and rupture. There, perhaps, lies the future of scientific advertisement—not in the capping of superlatives nor in trying to shout a whole stock-exchange down, but in the exploitation of the curious and conciliating quietude of the conversation of friends. The prudent advertiser may reflect that nothing he says can help

his sales so much as the casual word of a man telling a friend that the goods are not divine perfection but that they have points and will not let him down. Why not say just that in an advertisement? Or try to make the distributed advertisement the very nearest thing possible to a distribution of actual samples of the thing advertised?

A daily newspaper or two, besides, might possibly sing to their one clear harp in somewhat more diverse tones than they do. Day differs from day in respect to the importance of the public events they bring forth. On one day, some years ago, there died both the heir apparent to the British throne and the most famous British ecclesiastic of the time. On many other days there really is no public news of much moment. No doubt we ought, in a high moral sense, to see importance in everything—amen. But still, humanly speaking, there are days rich in salient news and days far from rich in it.

What then shall the journalist do on the day poor in news? Accept and indicate the fact that history does sometimes sing rather small? Frankly say, as it were, to his readers, "No big news to-day; still, here's what there is, for whatever it's worth"? Or try to work up the illusion that the dull yesterday which he has to report was really a very remarkable and sensational day? Fasten on one of the trivial affairs that took place and cry it up, "feature" it and boom it as an event that is shaking, or will shake, the globe and the firmament? Both courses are followed by various English journals. But most of them follow the second. The larger number of

editors seem to fear that they will have failed if they let any day pass without announcing some thrilling call upon the excitability of their readers. A few others cling to the notion that small beer is better chronicled as small beer and not as brandy or champagne. Perhaps neither school will prevail, within any reasonable time, to the point of ousting the other. For as they vary in nature so do their customers. There are readers of papers who actually do not find the absence of any special cause for excitement the same thing as dullness. They like the ordinary, average day, with its good human humdrum; they do not want to have its nature denied or obscured; they may enjoy the quiet, perhaps the humorous, record of its plain proceedings at least as well as that of days of European crisis, diplomatic affrays, hecatombic accidents, and celebrated cases in the courts. But there are also readers who would appear to have a sense of deflation unless they are kept well up to the mark with top notes and high lights, breakings of world records, and lickings of creation.

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So be it: this is a free country; I have no "abstract and friarly" question of morals to raise; only one of artistic expediency. If any one prefers either his beef without mustard, or his mustard without beef, let him be filled with the diet of his choice. All that interests me here and now is a certain slowness shown by the caterers of the newspaper press in following visible changes in the appetite of their customers. We may credit them with the warmest desire to do so, but desire will sometimes

outrun performance. Since the World War there has been a fresh growth of the old habit of understatement in the conversation of British people. The war brought first a carnival of extravagance and exaggeration and then a somewhat Lenten fast from any delight in it. All the pots of rhetoric were first filled with foaming stuff, and then the froth was roughly blown away and, behold! the liquor was sour. Perhaps there never was a time when, in the mouths and minds of men and women of the nations lately at war, over-statement was so much out of fashion. But this might scarcely be guessed by a reader of those daily journals which are reputed to be fired, beyond their brethren, by a sincere desire for the pennies of their countrymen. They lose the scent; they flag; they fall behind the times, like those old-fashioned traders who still puff their goods as if their whole aim were to achieve a single transaction with each reader of the puff and then leave him disenchanted and cursing.

Have I betrayed a partiality for one of these three devices for getting

people to mind what you say to them? Well, even a judge may have his likings, but still it would be unjudicial to set aside as common or unclean any of the various resources of emphasis used by sound artists. When Burke said that chivalry and honor had died out of the world at the French Revolution, he spoke bad history, but, as oratory, it was good. When *Gumbo* told the listening servants' hall at Castlewood that his mistress in Virginia had "fourteen eighteen" grooms, "twenty forty" gardeners, "twenty forty" footmen and "never could remember how many women servants—dere were so many:" no doubt he brought off a handsome effect of affluence, as was his wish. *Hamlet's* assertion that forty thousand brothers could not, all together, love *Ophelia* as much as he, may not be first rate science; but could you improve it as self-expression under the circumstances of the moment. High lights, half lights, low lights—all are useful in painting, and so are statement, overstatement, and understatement in letters. Given a congenial context, every one of them is right.

WHITE AUSTRALIA

Are Her Days of Happy Isolation Ended

ANNIE OSBORN

A CASH customer in a great department store may be a more profitable patron than several who have charge accounts; but the heads of that store may not even know of his existence, while the credit customer is, necessarily, of very great interest to them.

Until two or three years ago, Australia stood to America in the position of the cash customer, with more than \$150,000,000 required to square the ledger annually. But now that she has begun borrowing money from the United States, I am told by the official secretary for Australia in New York, Mr. David M. Dow, the bond-holders are growing ever more eager for information regarding the country in which they have a stake. From a publicity point of view the search here for money to "hire" has been entirely advantageous to my home in the antipodes.

When we first came to America, we were considerably surprised to find two impressions of our island continent apparently deep-rooted in the minds of many people on both the Pacific and the Atlantic coasts. The first was that Australia was settled by convicts; the second, that even now it is merely the largest of a swarm of islands in the South Pacific in which a handful of whites govern a

horde of aboriginal blacks. It was not until we had been asked many times if we spoke or understood the Australian language that it dawned upon us what a conception of our home lay behind that question. I find it difficult to persuade people that there is amazingly little difference between life in New York and in Melbourne or Sydney.

The settlement of Australia had its genesis in the transportation of offenders against the existing British laws, it is true; but nevertheless Australia was not settled by convicts. It was annexed to the British Crown in 1770 by the intrepid Captain Cook; but it might be remembered that about that time Great Britain had considerable anxiety regarding an older daughter, and for a number of years found enough to do with America. Thus it was not until 1788 that the House of Commons awakened to the fact that possession had to be followed up by occupation, and some brilliant intellect suggested that it would be better to empty the prisons of petty offenders by shipping them to Australia rather than by sending them to Tyburn. Hundreds of offenses were classified as "capital" ones—as witness that harrowing story told by Dickens of a young mother sentenced to hang for steal-

ing two loaves of bread, who was allowed to carry her baby with her as she rode on her coffin to Tyburn gallows, and was permitted to remain under the rope sufficiently long to nurse the infant for the last time.

This simple solution to the difficulty of emptying overcrowded gaols and thus minimizing the risks of the dreaded prison fever was hailed with delight especially by humanitarians. Soon all the political prisoners (and no American needs to be told how unwise the British were in their politics then!) and the debtors who were hopelessly insolvent, were traveling southward, in company with crowds of petty larcenists and other offenders against the peace who would to-day be dismissed with a small fine or tried in a juvenile court and placed on probation.

So trivial were the offenses charged against the great majority of the compulsory settlers on Botany Bay (New South Wales) and Port Arthur (Tasmania), that when the whole bad business was swept away, all—except a few real criminals—were not only set free but were given land and stock and the means for building homes; and were quickly absorbed into the general community. The order went forth that every document connected with the system should be destroyed, so that no busybodies of the future could unearth damning evidence against the forebears of some citizen who had attained eminence. One or two records were pilfered, and I have studied one in the possession of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Library, where the pathetic, even ludicrous pettiness of the "crimes" is proved beyond question. The story is told of one woman,

described as the wife of a "pressed" service man, who was transported for seven years for picking up two handkerchiefs in the street and refusing to give them to "a gentleman of quality" when he ordered her to do so. Her defense was that she had as much right to them as he!

Australians are very sensitive about this phase of their history. When Earl Beauchamp, some years ago, arrived in Sydney to assume the duties of the Governor of New South Wales, he was so amazed at the high grade of the prosperous community he had stumbled upon, that in all sincerity he heartily congratulated the citizens assembled to do him honor upon having "got rid of every trace of their birth stains." The Australians so deeply resented this allusion that the noble earl was immediately branded "Birth-Stains Beauchamp," and to this day he is never mentioned out there in any other way. He had a rather unhappy, shortened stay among us although he deserved a better fate. Thus, it is well, when mixing with Australians, to remember that Americans and Australians are on a level in their attitude toward the politicians of the days of George III.

As a matter of plain fact, the settlement of Australia only began in real earnest with the discovery of gold by a Californian named Hargraves; and here, too, we have a strong link with America. Not all of the hosts of gold-seekers who were lured to California in the stirring times of '49 were successful. Many of them fossicked for gold for a few years, and then heard of the fabulous riches to be picked up in the new El Dorado under the Southern Cross; so in '51

they sailed there in great numbers, meeting as they landed the never-ending stream of Britain's young manhood, who were also drawn overseas by the fairy-tales of streets of gold. These two fine streams of migrants settled Australia, and by their daring scorn of hardships and their amazing resourcefulness made it what it is to-day—Fortuna's horn of plenty.

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In regard to the second current impression, that Australia is a land in which a handful of whites govern a horde of aboriginal blacks, one might well say, "Alas for the aboriginal Australian and his language!" The aboriginal Tasmanian is believed to have been the lowest form of human being upon earth, but he was so quickly exterminated by ruthless whites that science has no means of determining just how far he was inferior to his brother on the mainland. Two things are certain: both belonged to the Stone Age, and neither progressed in intelligence or mode of living after the prehistoric cataclysm took place which made Australia an island and isolated her from the rest of the world.

Professor Sir Baldwin Spencer has made an intensive study of the Australian aborigines, and has collected the entire range of implements used by the blacks prior to the advent of the white man. He presented this collection a few years ago to the Melbourne Museum, and side by side with every article the noted ethnologist has placed another stone implement unearthed in Europe or wherever the Stone Age man's relics were to be found. The layman cannot in any instance tell which is

which, so perfect is the parallel in every case. Could there be a greater romance of the brotherhood of man, extending back through countless ages, than this most extraordinary phenomenon?

The mainland blacks were not ill-treated as were the Tasmanians, but the white man's diseases and the white man's fire-water decimated their numbers very quickly, until now it is as easy to find a Red Indian in Manhattan as it would be to find an aborigine in the populous south-eastern quarter of Australia. A few are slowly vanishing in mission compounds here and there; there are more in Central Australia; but these and the still-wild tribes in the tropics are steadily diminishing. Place-names alone remind us of the original inhabitants of our too-little known country.

Yet it is in that second misconception in the minds of American people that the origin of the White Australia policy is to be found. We live so close to those islands where a few whites do control the destinies of hordes of blacks, and we have seen so much of the miserably sordid but apparently inevitable results of such close contact, that we are determined to keep Australia white at all hazards. The fathers of Federation decided that there must be no possibility of a color problem for a United Australia in the future. They had not only the immediate example of the contiguous islands, they had also the experience of America to guide them, and not even for the privilege of having cheap domestic service would they run the risks of grave future danger.

If America had such great diffi-

culty in assimilating the negroes, what would it have been like if we had attempted to assimilate a far lower grade of black people than the Africans—which would have been the case if the islanders had not been prohibited from settling there? Then, too, there were our neighbors next door but one—the teeming millions of Asia, who looked longingly upon our vast vacant spaces. Surely the time was ripe, when the six States decided to federate—the first year of the twentieth century—to make a pronouncement that would be unmistakable? Australia was to become, and remain, white. Twenty-nine years later, every Australian indorses that policy of the founders of the nation, and we would unhesitatingly call upon the might of both Great Britain and America to help us defend that policy to the death if it were seriously threatened. Australia must remain white—for the future peace of America as for our own.

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Until Federation, Australia was composed of six separate and independent States, each of which had a customs barrier against the other. The continent extends from tropical to near-antarctic latitudes, and comprises so many and such varied sources of natural wealth that the inhabitants have always been alertly conscious of their vast potentialities as a great nation of the future. We have an almost incredibly huge reservoir of ever-recurring wealth, from our countless sheep-runs where the finest wool in the world is annually shorn in great quantities; from the immense cattle-stations in the northern half of the continent; from Tasmania's ideal conditions for

apple-growing and the southern half of the mainland for citrus and other fruits; from Queensland's prolific industry in sugar, bananas and pine-apples; from dairying under the easiest conditions in the world in Victoria and New South Wales; from the golden granaries of Victoria, New South Wales and South Australia; from scores of other sources as well as from the, as yet scarcely-touched, hardwood forests where some of the most exquisite woods in existence await the cabinet-makers of the world, and from our mineral resources which are as varied as they are boundless. Even our pests turn to our advantage. The rabbit, which is so hated that it is a felony to harbor one as a pet, is yet so valuable that the United States alone pays us over \$10,000,000 annually for its pelt!

For the proper exploitation of this wealth, Australia needs two things urgently: a greater population, and good roads. Our island is so nearly the same size as the United States that the difference is negligible, while our population is scarcely larger than that of California. It can therefore readily be understood what a gigantic task faces the people "down under." Not only this, but the coming of the gasoline age has found us unprepared to readjust our methods of locomotion. America and Great Britain did not find any insuperable difficulty in facing the obvious fact that the gasoline age has revolutionized the world as profoundly as did steam or the invention of machinery. In these countries the period of inevitable readjustment proceeded, or is proceeding, with astonishing rapidity and smooth-

ness, mainly because the railroads are owned and operated by private owners on a business base, and business has a way of accommodating itself to the inevitable in as speedy and efficient a manner as is humanly possible. But we—we are saddled with State-owned railroads, built with borrowed money; and thus the new era has found us loaded down with a burden we cannot get rid of, however much we desire to do so. When governments operate any essential industry, annual deficits can be easily passed on to the taxpayers, with an airy promise of doing better next year; for this reason our railroads have been a liability instead of an asset.

With the staggering fact before them that the traction of the future is going to be rail-less and gas-propelled, our politicians are still imitating King Canute; but such conduct must sooner or later come to an end, and they will have to bow to the inevitable. Such huge sums have been sunk in our great mileage of railroads, and such enormous interest bills and sinking funds have to be reckoned with, that with every succeeding deficit a wail goes up that the service grows worse and the prices higher—that is, on all but the interstate and suburban lines. In the cities the vicious policy of taxing competition off the roads has been pursued hitherto; but the temper of the people will not endure much more of that. Infinitely worse for the progress of the country is the policy pursued in extra-urban territory. Side by side with the almost panicky dismay of the financial heads of Government over the new order of things, comes their determi-

nation not to help in the creation of good roads, because it might convert the myriads of local railroads into scrap iron. Yet in so vast a country where primary production is our very life, quick and efficient and cheap transit is the main essential. The first man who solves the problem of how to convert our already antiquated rural railroads into arterial roads for motor traction to the seaboard and the cities, will be transformed from a politician into a statesman; but we shall probably have to await a new generation before the leaders will be able to grasp or will dare to enunciate such a Napoleonic idea. When it is an accomplished fact, however, many of Australia's other problems will solve themselves.

An ever-present problem is how to persuade young men to stay on the farms on which they were bred. We hear one cry so frequently reiterated that we have grown heartily sick of it, and that is for the city dweller to go "back to the land." We have a good deal of sympathy for the man aimed at when he retorts, "Go yourself!" Yet the situation is admittedly serious. About one half the total population of Australia is to be found in the six capital cities—Sydney, with its 1,250,000, and Melbourne with its even million, being far and away the most populous. Possibly another million is to be found in the various cities and towns elsewhere, and this leaves the burden of the vital producing interests upon far too small a number of people; but until the roads are built that will enable people to annihilate distance, they will continue

to choose to live in the cities where they can enjoy the comforts and pleasures of urban life.

Another problem, not so vital perhaps, and yet one of paramount importance when we remember how immense an influence politics has upon the well-being of a country, is that of our over-government. It was bad enough before Federation, when each small sovereign State jealously made its own laws and kept an ever-watchful eye upon any threatened encroachment by its neighbor; but now, when all but purely local matters can be dealt with more efficiently by the Federal Parliament, we still carry on as before, instead of scrapping all the local parliaments and councils, and evolving machinery more practical and better suited to our needs. Our handful of people still seems to find it necessary to have seven imported Governors and their retinues (six State Governors and a Federal Governor-General), and any suggestion that we should do away with the system of importing State Governors arouses the cry that we are verging upon Unification instead of keeping to the ideal of Federation. And Unification seems to be a bogey that scares the powerful States with the dread of having to carry the weaker ones, and the weaker States with the dread of absorption by the more powerful ones. Lovers of Australia often sigh for that millennial dawn which is promised "when none shall be for party but all shall be for State"—when the good of the whole will be placed before the petty pride of the parts. Unification is in the offing, for Federation has done a great deal toward breaking down as well as

building up, and when the jealousy of former times disappears we shall really become a United Australia.

The problem of population is the thorniest of all. Perhaps at the present stage of our existence the reluctance of the people to welcome any great influx of new citizens is justifiable. We have no ban against newcomers save that of color and a highly ingenious and yet satisfactory barrier against undesirables known as the "dictation test." If the immigration authorities have received information from a trustworthy source that an individual with a variegated history has left his country for his country's good and set sail for ours, it is permissible for them to subject such a would-be entrant to the "dictation test" before giving him permission to land. It sounds very simple and innocent. Forty words must be written down by the immigrant at the dictation of the official in charge. But—the law does not specify in what language this test shall be carried out, and it is entirely within the law for a Russian Bolshevik to be asked to write forty words in Maori, or for a turbulent Balkan to be given forty words from the writings of Confucius, or for a dyed-in-the-wool Communist from any place, to be told to transcribe forty words from the Talmud. There is no appeal for the newcomer, when such a test is judged necessary for our peace. The dictation test is there for that specific purpose! Some of us wish it could have been applied, occasionally, to fellow-subjects coming from the other side of the world, as well as to disturbing elements from alien lands.

Despite the almost desperate need of population to open up our new country we decided not only that no colored men need apply to enter our White Australia, but that those already there should be returned to their country of origin, unless they were lawfully citizens. In pre-Federation days there were a good many Chinese in the various States, but since few Chinese women were ever admitted, very few founded families, and with the withdrawal of permission for the Chinese to enter, those already there naturally dwindled with the passing of the years. Only in Queensland was there a color problem. There in the extensive cane-fields kanakas, as the inhabitants of the Pacific islands are called, were indentured for work in the semi-tropical conditions, since the aborigines were quite incapable of doing such sustained labor. The first requisite for a White Australia was the acquiescence of Queensland in the forcible repatriation of every kanaka. With the promise of abundance of white labor and an indemnity against loss, this was forthcoming. It meant the cessation of the trade of "blackbirding," a highly profitable calling for conscienceless owners of small vessels. It was really a form of press-gang indenturing, if not actually of slavery, for a limited number of years. The young men of Polynesia were tricked by various ruses into going aboard the small cruising vessels and were then carried off to the northeastern State of Queensland to work for longer or shorter periods on the sugar-cane plantations. They were paid a nominal wage and were not seriously ill-treated, but nobody could defend the

practice and we all felt better when with the inauguration of the Commonwealth the fiat went forth for its death. Some kanakas had married and settled down to make permanent homes in Queensland, and they protested vehemently against their forcible repatriation, but the law was adamant. The resultant increase in the cost of producing sugar was provided for by a prohibitive protective tariff, and ever since then we have used none but home-grown sugar and have paid about double the price for it. This price was paid with more or less cheerfulness until recently—until, in fact, we began to feel the effects of America's immigration laws!

It might seem a far cry from America's immigration restriction act to a White Australia and the Australian working-man's standard of living, but the three have proved to be closely interrelated. In this way: When America decided to limit the number of immigrants she would admit annually, there were hosts of Southern Europeans who found themselves blocked from following their friends westward across the Atlantic. Where were they to go? They took boat in one of two directions—to Latin America or to Australia. They came to us with such peaceful penetration at first that we did not realize what had happened until they forced themselves on the public attention by knifings and bombings when vendettas were in the air—things hitherto known to us only through reading.

But the new arrivals have all been most industrious and eager for work. When they learned of the unlimited facilities for making a living on the cane-fields of Queensland, they willingly hastened there in groups and

companies and settled down in various places as small communities. They worked hard and efficiently, and, "living on the smell of an oily rag" to use a favorite Australian expression, they soon saved enough, collectively, to buy a trifle of sugar-cane land as a community purchase. This they worked co-operatively.

To the original purchase they added another and yet another, and so the process went on until the Italians found themselves owners of considerable tracts of cane-field. Gradually they encroached upon the dominance of Australian owners, and when at last the full significance of their thrift, industry and foresight became obvious, the people of Australia began to grumble, saying that they were paying double price for sugar to enrich an ever-growing number of immigrant Italians! It is one thing to pay dearly that one's compatriots may establish a great industry, and to keep the ideal of a White Australia at the same time; but where are *we* going to come out if we penalize ourselves heavily for the sake of an unassimilated foreign element? Here is an opportunity for economists to prove that the bed-rock of permanent trade must lie in the intrinsic value of the commodity produced, and not in any kind of artificial bolstering, whatever ideal may be back of that bolstering.

The famous outburst of the ex-Prime Minister, the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, P. C., in the Federal Parliament a few months ago, against the evils attendant on the unrestricted admission of Italians, had its origin in this and similar unpleasant complications; yet those who did not

understand, believed it to be merely an unrestrained exhibition of racial spleen. The situation is growing more intense, despite the recent arrangement whereby only a definite number of Italians shall be admitted annually, and the solution is not in sight.

Not only on the cane-fields, the banana plantations and the pineapple groves of Queensland, but elsewhere, have the alien immigrants been making their presence felt—Greeks and south Russian Jews as well as Italians. So closely does one phase of industry interlock with another that this influx of the frugal, untiring, aspiring, determined south Europeans is apparently going to prove the crucial testing point of the "Go Slow" policy of industrialist leaders, as well as of our much-vaunted and wholly admirable "standard of living."

This "standard of living" is an elusive thing. It can really be best explained by what it does not imply rather than by what it embraces. It certainly has no room for poor or rough clothes, plain and simple food, long hours of work, or work at top-speed, cheese-paring economy, or no money for pleasure or idle dalliance. But how is it going to stand against the competition of men who have been used all their lives to such sacrifices, and who, in a land flowing with milk and honey, find golden opportunities to profit amazingly by their upbringing? A nation might prohibit the consumption of spirituous liquor, but it could hardly order its citizens who have been used to living on macaroni to give it up and eat beefsteak, in order to

keep up the national "standard of living!"

For more than thirty years, in season and out of season, Australian working-men have been implored by their leaders to go slow; urged not to work themselves out of a job; con-jured to keep themselves fit to enjoy their leisure hours, until these ideas have become fixed articles of their belief. But to maintain such a policy successfully presupposes that they have the entire field to themselves; that there will be no disturbing factor in the shape of rivalry. Only our isolation and our determined exclusion of cheap labor made it possible for the leaders of industrial unionism even to enunciate such a doctrine, which is always bound hand and foot with their first axiom, that the standard of living must be kept up. But who is going to make the South Europeans contented with a "come-day go-day" policy?

Even the all-powerful unions are powerless against these newcomers who are clannish to the last degree and sublimely indifferent to the us-

ages of our countrymen. The workers say they would almost as soon give up the idea of a White Australia (as the Communists are always urging them to do) as to yield on this standard of living; yet it seems as if the days of happy isolation definitely ended with America's closed doors. Money is power the world over, in whatsoever hands it is held, and if the Italians and the Greeks, the Russian and Polish Jews are going to amass fortunes spectacularly, after the American fashion, as they have already done, at the expense of our easy-going native-born, something is going to happen that will be decidedly interesting to watch. For the young Australian is as bright, as intelligent, as resourceful and as determined as any man in the world, when put upon his mettle; and there are those who believe that America has indirectly taught him the one lesson he sadly needed to learn—that industry is a blessing, not a curse, and that when rightly applied it can be turned into enormous power.

(Next Month: *Idealism in Legislation*)

THE ANNOUNCEMENT

Strange, Yet All Agreed About the Facts

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

MY Aunt Riah had been a teacher all her life. In her early sixties, she retired to the little "Cape Cod cottage" which had been in her family for two hundred years. She was a striking-looking woman; figure, tall, gaunt, with a certain look of power; eyes, hazel, thoughtful, fine; hair, black and heavy with sculpturesque dashes of silver through it.

This is the story she told me, late one October night, in front of the fire.

"What I am going to tell you happened nearly forty years ago, when I was twenty-eight. I have never talked about it to anybody else. I don't know why exactly. Everybody is dead who was present that night. Not that that had anything to do with it. It couldn't hurt anybody to have it known. There was nothing disgraceful about it. Indeed it was beautiful. I suppose it's only that one has a disinclination to tell something that isn't credible. Strange things happen to us sometimes—oh I've heard this from so many people. We know they happen—and yet we have moments of questioning the evidence of our own senses. This was like that. I know it happened. There were six others present. Afterward, we all agreed about the facts. And yet—

"I had been teaching for two

years in Northwell. You know Northwell, a small place not far from Boston. When I first went there, I was lonely—awfully lonely. And then I got acquainted with a most delightful group. They sort of took me up. They were in the habit of having parties every Saturday night and they invited me to all of them.

"This group consisted of eight people. First of all, there were the Denmores. They were rather older than the rest of us, a fine pair. For years, he had taught Latin and Greek in a small college in the Middle West. He had a little money of his own and so had she. With their incomes and with what he had saved, he had enough to give up teaching. They spent their winters in Northwell and their summers in Europe. They were very cultivated, quiet, charming people.

"Then there were the Godfreys. Harry Godfrey was the cashier of the Northwell bank. He was not the most gifted person in the crowd, but I always thought he was the most amusing. His wife had a beautiful voice and she specialized in old English ballads. We loved to hear her sing and we never hesitated to ask her. Then—" Aunt Riah paused impressively. "Then there was Anthony John—"

"Anthony John?" I repeated. "Who was Anthony John?"

"Don't you know who *Anthony John* was?" Aunt Riah asked in a scandalized tone. "And we thought him such a brilliant novelist. Well I suppose nobody reads him now. He was writing his first novel that year at Northwell."

"Oh, that must have been thrilling!" I interjected, a little vaguely.

"It was," Aunt Riah agreed. "He used to read it, chapter by chapter to us. He wasn't so charming as Mr. Godfrey nor so amiable as Mr. Denmore. He was broody. But he was, as you say, thrilling. I'll tell you more about him sometime. I, being the only single woman in the group, always balanced Tony John at our little parties. Then there were the Nelsons—Rob Nelson and his wife, Edie."

Aunt Riah stopped and put a log on the fire. It was an unnecessary log and the action was absolutely mechanical. Somehow I knew that the mention of the Nelsons had stirred her emotions.

"They were a young married couple. In fact Edie was little more than a bride. Oh, I shouldn't say that. Perhaps they had been married five years. But Edie told me once that they had never been separated. She was one of those women that you think of as a perpetual bride. Rob was a thin dark man with handsome, regular features. When he talked, his eyes sparkled or flamed. It almost seemed as if his color changed like a girl's. Rob was in business, although I always wondered why he was; he had the soul of a poet. I hate to apply the adjective in the presence of your

generation that I always applied to Rob Nelson. That adjective was *lovely*. Even then, I used to bite my tongue when it slipped out; but once I heard a man say that Rob was 'lovely.' Rob was gifted too; he sketched; he sang; he wrote very pretty verse. Edie worshiped him. Edie herself—"



Aunt Riah started to put another log on the fire. She thought better of it and took up her story.

"It's hard to describe Edie Nelson. She was like nobody I've ever known. She had gray eyes and chestnut hair and a clear pale skin. She was big and her movements were all slow and, I thought, extremely graceful. She was large-featured, yet she was extremely feminine. She was delicate and fine and soft. Edie wasn't beautiful, but there was something about her—I used to tell her she was 'starry' and 'pearly.' And she worshiped the ground Rob walked on. Not that Rob didn't love her equally. He adored her. But an element entered into Edie's devotion that wasn't in Rob's, didn't have to be there—apprehension. Rob wasn't strong. He had some weakness of the lungs; he was going to a physician in Boston regularly. Edie watched over him like a mother. If Bob coughed, a look would come into her eyes, so anxious, so *tenderly* anxious— At those times she was really angelic.

"The Nelsons had come, just before I came, strangers to Northwell; and for a time they had been very lonely. Then the Denmores called and liked them so much that they started the Saturday night parties so that the Nelsons could get acquainted. How Rob Nelson enjoyed

those Saturday nights! And no wonder—looking back, it seems to me we laughed all the time. We'd talk and play games. Occasionally one of us would read something from the 'Atlantic' or a recent book that had taken his fancy. Mrs. Godfrey always sang. About twelve we'd make a raid on the kitchen and get something to eat. They were very happy hours—the happiest of my life. They seem so innocent now when I look back upon them. We all enjoyed them; but to Rob Nelson, they were the very breath of life. There was a real friendship among us. No, I don't think 'friendship' is strong enough—a real love. I don't remember that anything disagreeable ever happened.

"Well, these little meetings had been going on all winter and all spring. School was about to close. That meant a separation, for the Denmores would go abroad and this year the Godfreys were going with them. Tony John was leaving for the West in a day or two. Rob Nelson's face used to get positively tragic when we spoke of these plans. Mrs. Denmore insisted on holding the last party at her house. She always gave a dinner. I call it a dinner. It would be very simple for these days. We had a soup, a meat, two vegetables and a dessert. No fruit course, no salad. And, we never had anything to drink but beer or cider. The Denmores' place was one of those Queen Anne houses that were just coming into style then; rooms on the ground floor all opening into each other; smelling of varnish and new paint. We always loved to go to the Denmores; they had the true spirit of hospitality.

"I had offered to set the table for Mrs. Denmore; so I got to the house early. About six, the bell rang. Mrs. Denmore was busy in the kitchen—she did all her own work—and so I went to the door. It was Rob Nelson.

"I dashed over here ahead of time," he said, 'to tell you that Edie hasn't come home yet. She went to Boston this morning to do some shopping and she expected to get back on the five thirty.' He went on to say that when she left, Edie had had a feeling that her shopping might take longer than she expected. It was only a feeling, he said, but apparently it had turned out that way. Edie had added, 'If I am delayed, tell the Denmores to go right on without me. I'll eat a quick dinner in Boston and take the first train I can get. I'll be with you for the evening anyway.' Rob didn't say much more than this. I could see he was awfully disappointed.

"Well, Mrs. Denmore and I were quite heart-broken. We were just beginning, all of us, to realize, I think, what a person Edie was. She had no accomplishments; she never talked much; yet somehow she set up pleasant currents in a room. It was like having a lovely big moon shining all the time. Finally Mrs. Denmore said, 'Well, we'll leave her place set up. Perhaps she'll arrive in time to eat some pie.' So I left Edie's place just as it was.

"Presently the others came. They were all just as disappointed as we were that Edie was not there. But when we sat down to the table, we got to laughing and talking as usual—we were always so gay! Mrs. Denmore had just served the soup—I remember perfectly the big Canton

medallion tureen which had been in her family for years—when the bell rang. I answered the door. To my great surprise—and delight—there stood Edie.

“‘Oh Edie,’ I exclaimed, ‘isn’t this wonderful! How on earth did you manage to get here?’”

“‘Oh I managed!’ she answered. ‘It’s a long story. I’ll tell you later. I was determined that nothing would interfere with our last evening together. Rob so hates to have the Saturday nights stop. And he’s been just counting on this one.’”

“I never saw Edie look so disheveled—not hot, nor tired, nor dusty exactly, but excited-looking. She was paler than usual. And her hair—ordinarily it lay in the softest coolest waves—was so disordered. Every hair seemed to have blown away from every other. I told her that her eyelashes looked blown!”

“She took off her hat and coat and placed them on the hat-tree. She smoothed her hair and suddenly—except that she was so wan—she looked the soft delicate Edie, as carefully preened as a bird, that we all so loved, her eyes like gray stars, full of love and tenderness. When she appeared in the dining-room, she received a regular ovation. Rob beamed all over, ‘I’ll tell you what happened later,’ she called to him. ‘Now let’s go on with the party.’”

“We went on with the party. It certainly was a hilarious evening. We continued to sit round the table long after we had stopped eating. The jokes just flew! And we laughed till our sides ached.

“I don’t remember all we talked about, but I do remember most of it. What happened of course set it in my

memory. If I’ve gone over that night once in my mind, I’ve gone over it hundreds of times. I remember particularly we discussed two books; both, it happened, by women authors. One was ‘Guenn’ by Blanche Willis Howard and the other was ‘For the Major’ by Constance Fenimore Woolson. Everybody talked—argued. Everybody, that is, except Edie. That wasn’t unusual. Edie was not much of a talker. This night she seemed preoccupied. And that *was* unusual. She wasn’t only preoccupied; she was troubled.

“Her eyes—oh, they were so abstracted—kept going to Rob’s face. And then that abstraction would break in a look of such love—such *pitying* love—that every time it sent a sharp pang through me. I kept wondering—Suddenly—it was like a flash—it came to me what her mysterious business in Boston had been. She had gone to see Rob’s physician. I didn’t dare to guess what he might have told her; but I knew it wasn’t reassuring. And that was why she had rushed so to get this last happy evening with the crowd.

“When Rob met Edie’s eyes—Rob was very brilliant that night—the sparkle in his eyes changed to the warm glow which always came into them when he looked at Edie. That strange preoccupation of Edie’s vanished the instant his eyes turned in her direction. I’m sure Rob never saw it once.

“The evening went on. We stayed later than we had ever stayed. The talk grew gayer and gayer; the laughter more frequent. Eleven o’clock struck, half past and twelve. Still we sat about the table, draining the dregs of our last night together.

To me, it seemed that Edie grew quieter and quieter, until she was like a still shadow.

"I don't know the exact moment that the bell rang—sometime after twelve. But it rang as though it had been pulled out by the roots. 'Who can that be?' Mrs. Denmore said in an alarmed voice. Mr. Denmore rushed to the door. We heard him say, 'Well, hello, Gillis! Come in, won't you?' Then we heard Mr. Gillis answer in a voice that brought us all to our feet, 'Is Rob Nelson here? I must see him at once. There's been a frightful accident—'

"I don't know what Mr. Denmore said, or if he said anything. The next thing I knew, Gillis, white as cheese and shaking like an aspen-leaf, was in the dining-room. He didn't speak

to any of us. He didn't look at us. His eyes went straight to Rob. 'Nelson,' he groaned. 'Oh, Nelson! For God's sake brace yourself. It's just come over the telephone in the bank. There's been a terrible accident on the five thirty. A lot of people were killed. Your wife— Your wife— Your wife—'

"My wife, man!" Rob echoed. 'What are you talking about? Why my wife's here.'

"We all turned to Edie," Aunt Riah concluded. "We all turned to Edie," she repeated. "We all turned to Edie," she said for the third time and now her voice was shrill. "But Edie's chair was empty. There was *nothing* where Edie had been sitting. Edie was not in the room—or anywhere. . . . Edie had gone. . . ."

SOLITUDINO

(*Capri*)

JULIAN STREET

Your eyes, and mine, have seen Solaro's heights
 All green and golden in the noonday sun,
 Your eyes, and mine, on scented summer nights
 Have sought the sea and watched the fishers' lights,
 Like spangles fallen from Aurora's gown.

Your feet, and mine, have found the island ways
 Where bloom narcissus, rosemary and heather,
 Your heart, and mine, have warmed to tropic days
 And burned through tropic nights with stars ablaze—
 Your heart and mine, but not, but not together.

TABLE TALK

DURING a period of eight years the Collector of Internal Revenue refunded over two billion dollars in income taxes, chiefly to large corporations. A single item of twenty-six million dollars was refunded to the United States Steel Corporation; six million dollars was handed back to the Reynolds Tobacco Company; and the staggering total of these abatements (as the refunds are technically termed) has so embarrassed the Treasury that at this writing there appears to be danger of a deficit in the departmental budget for the current year.

Despite the protests of Messrs. Mellon and Mills that their house is in order, testimony to the contrary filters in from high sources. An investigation conducted by the Senate Committee on the Judiciary reveals the interesting fact that after the assessments had been levied on the U. S. Steel Corporation "the Solicitor and one of his assistants resigned and were admitted to the practice of law before the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and that soon after, they filed a proceeding before the Bureau to obtain a refund of taxes which had been assessed in part while they were connected with the Bureau." "We find," the report continues "that this case [the U. S. Steel refunds] was tried in secret, passed in secret and virtually paid in secret. . . . Your committee feels that this method of repaying funds is so slipshod that it ought to be corrected, and cases of this importance should be settled in the open before an impartial tribunal." In the open, by all means.



IS ANY good purpose served by flaunting the horrors of cancer before a lay public? Dr. James B. Murphy of the Rockefeller Institute believes there is not. Dr. Murphy, whose work on malignant tumors renders him the leading American authority on cancer, is violently opposed to any campaign, under any auspices, that will keep before the public the menacing threat of this incurable disease. He says:

"If cancer, like tuberculosis, could be diagnosed in its first stages and if such early diagnosis could lead to therapy, either by surgery or radium, I should be heartily in favor of keeping this terror alive in the public mind. But I am of the opinion that when cancer makes itself known, it is usually too late to employ remedial measures. A sprinkling minimum of surface tumors may be treated, yes. But the overwhelming majority of internal carcinomas are at present beyond our skill to cure. What painful breach of faith then, with a trusting public, to promise therapeutic miracles which can rarely be performed, even when attempted at the earliest discoverable stages of the disease. So far from curing cancer, we do not even know what it is. After working

with it for fifteen years, I am only beginning to form a hypothesis as to its nature, and will probably spend my life revising this hypothesis. Let us wait then, for more precise knowledge of this scourge before we begin to spread a falsely encouraging propaganda regarding its treatment and cure."



"**T**ABACOL," a new poison extracted from tobacco by an Italian chemist, is so insidiously potent that a single drop will cause instant death, making it appear at the same time that the death was due to natural causes. Whatever commercial or scientific value this drug may have, we depose not. But we suspect that *Philo Vance*, *Dr. Thorndike*, *Peterfield Ayscough*, and the thousand-and-one other scientific detectives will soon have a new phial in their chemical closet, and a new shiver for their armies of readers.



THE Public Prosecutor is not, and cannot be made a sympathetic character. While we agree that conviction of criminals is the business of a good prosecutor, and that society is endangered unless he secures such convictions, yet we are revolted too frequently by the methods he employs to obtain them.

A pitiful abuse of the prosecuting power was dramatically revealed in York County, Pennsylvania, a few weeks ago, when a fourteen-year-old boy was sentenced to life imprisonment for a crime of darkest ignorance—a witchcraft murder. The lad was obviously the instrument of an older man, himself a superstition-ridden relic of another age. Both of the defendants (or the boy at least) should have received clinical treatment—or a grammar school education. But the prosecutor for York County, in the performance of his duty, demanded and received the maximum penalties for both the accused. He is welcome to whatever honor may accrue from these convictions. But the real voice in the York County trial, the crying utterance that will not down, was that of Harvey Gross, lawyer for the fourteen-year-old defendant. Replying to the prosecutor's plea for a life penalty, Gross said:

"You squeeze the last drop of blood from the hearts of ignorant people to vindicate the honor of York County!" Oh, dubious vindication, and questionable honor that requires it!

The prosecutor of York County, and of every other county in the United States, is probably a just and worthy man in private life. But his office is a political one, and his advancement depends upon the number of his convictions. He must overwhelm the voters by the number of persons he has sent to jail or to the electric chair. Now for justice and human life to be so inextricably knit

up with political ambition, seems a curious and unfortunate state of affairs. Take the prosecutor's office off the ballot; put it on the appointive list. Or let the State retain attorneys, as she sometimes does in highly specialized cases. Any system would be preferable to the essentially unjust methods of prosecution as revealed by the York County trial.



GEORGE GERSHWIN and Paul Whiteman, America's liaison officers between jazz and—er—music, have been demoted, outplayed and completely overturned by one Ernest Krenek, a young Austrian composer. Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf" (Jonny Strikes Up) was recently produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company amid batings of critical breath and the frank enjoyment of a typical mid-season audience. In Berlin, vegetables had been hurled; New York had only enthusiastic applause for a vastly original and striking production. *Jonny*, the colored hero, sails through a series of breakneck and amorous adventures for possession of a famous violin, which he uses to broadcast his shuffling jazz tunes over the radio. The rightful owner of the violin recognizes the inimitable tone of his instrument issuing from the loudspeaker . . . and then complications begin to sprout thicker than huckleberries in a damp August. "Jonny" is livelier, gayer than the gayest of the old light operas; it outshines the scenic and lighting effects of many a musical comedy. But as opera? There are indignant cries of "No, No" from the conservative wing of music lovers. Most middle-ground listeners agree, however, that "Jonny" has struck up the most significant piece of music yet generated by the jazz germ.



WHEN Commander Byrd communicated *via radio* with New York, from an airplane three thousand feet in altitude and ten thousand miles away, the world was thrilled, emotionally and mentally, by the feat of the intrepid explorer. To establish this communication all the resources of science and adventure were fused into one splendid experience; the two most exciting phases of modern life joined hands to let Byrd's message issue from the frozen south.

Men will continue to penetrate the ice-capped polar regions, but it is no longer necessary that the blanketing depths of polar night should silence their voices. We march with them now; they are never far away. One thinks of the contrasting fate of Robert Falcon Scott and his companions, immured in the vast tomb of the polar circle for more than a year, gradually starving and freezing to death while the world thought them already dead. We were

happy to hear from Byrd, and when the Commander and his men set up their radio in antarctic quarters, no doubt they will be happier still to hear from us. Salutations and greetings, friends in the icy south! Though you are ten thousand physical miles away, we are no longer conscious of the isolating breach of distance. From half the world around, you speak to us, and the scientific miracle is forgotten in our joy that your expedition prospers.



TO BE a first-class crusader you must above all things be temperate, even though the crusade is in the cause of temperance. This generalization is inspired by the recent interesting activities of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who—duck and dodge as she may—cannot avoid the spotlight. It was she who recently trotted out the faithful Federal Conspiracy Clause in an effort to confer longer prison terms on New York's lady and gentlemen night-club proprietors. But for once the conspiracy racket didn't work. And now comes Congressman John J. Boylan with the statement, delivered on the floor of the House and later incorporated in the Record, that the committee investigating Federal prisons had failed to mention in its report what the investigation is alleged to have developed—that Mrs. Willebrandt has planted spies in Federal prisons. What the spies are to spy upon was not made clear in the Washington despatch, but Representative Boylan is clear in his own mind that Mrs. Willebrandt is puffed up with a little brief authority—at least he hopes it is brief—and that she should be headed off before she turns us into a nation of "spies, snoopers, Benedict Arnolds and agents provocateurs." Mrs. Willebrandt certainly seems to have the crusading complex.



IT HAS been said of us as a people that when we look on beauty we look with the eyes of six per cent. This of course is a slander unworthy of repetition, and it appears here only as a handy introduction to the following remark overheard at a recent performance of Mr. Ziegfeld's very beautiful "Show Boat."

The taller and more distinguished ladies of the chorus had just appeared, bedecked with far-distending bustles and draped in bounding, billowy skirts that gracefully touched the floor. A lovely spectacle they presented with more of what is known as dress-goods meeting the eye than the eye has met in a long, long time. And at this moment a voice of suppressed enthusiasm, a voice that betokened the Ohio valley, exclaimed in words that betrayed the draper—"Gosh, if we could have that for just one year! Oh, boy, that's yardage."

JIMMY YEN

His School Has Five Million Students and a Hundred Thousand Teachers

GRACE OVERMYER

TWENTY-FIVE hundred years ago the great sage, Confucius, said to his disciples: "The scholar who is bent upon studying the principles of virtue, yet is ashamed of coarse food and bad clothes, is not yet fit to receive instruction."

In China, it is said, there never has been any lack of living examples of the positive principle of this maxim, the Chinese scholar being ever an idealist. But to-day, for the first time in history, the opportunity of proving their faith in the Confucian ideal of scholarship is extended to the masses of the Chinese people. Due to the inauguration less than a decade ago of the Mass Education Movement, millions of previously illiterate men and women, old and young, in many parts of China, are now receiving the fundamentals of a Chinese language education. More poorly fed and clothed, many of them, than the humblest Americans, impelled by an eagerness which only deprivation could inspire, they assemble in village homes, in temples, shops, police stations, not infrequently in barns, hugging humble little "readers" to their hearts, and becoming in the broadest and in a certain high sense, scholars.

That the much-heralded "new

day" in China should bring the dawn of literacy to the Chinese of those classes which have been unlettered for ages, might seem to have been inevitable. Yet the Chinese Mass Education Movement is coincident with, rather than a direct product of, the Chinese political revolution. It is the working out of the idea of one man—an idea of almost accidental, or at any rate, unpremeditated, origin. China's long years of internal warfare apparently decisively concluded, she finds, upon entering her reconstruction period, one essential feature of a successful democracy—popular education—intelligently organized and operating widely, and only awaiting more settled and prosperous conditions to receive adoption everywhere throughout the nation.

The originator and present director of the Chinese Mass Education Movement, Y. C. James Yen (popularly among thousands of American students and educators known as "Jimmy" Yen), unites in his unassuming person the best of the old and the new in Chinese culture; in experience and training he combines the best of modern East and West. Thoroughly grounded in the "Four Books" and "Five Classics" of the

Chinese classical curriculum, and a graduate of the University of Hong-kong, he also holds degrees from two American universities, Yale and Princeton; but it is no disparagement of his individual achievements to say that the most remarkable detail of his personal history is that relating to his ancestry.

One may have heard of Oriental princes who measure their genealogy in millenniums, but to meet in the flesh a man whose grandfather, eighty generations removed, was actually known and praised by Confucius, is an experience which causes the Westerner no small degree of amazement. One had not supposed that such a person could exist. Yet Jimmy Yen, upon questioning, modestly acknowledges a remote forebear who won the imperishable distinction of mention in the Confucian "Analects."

In nearly any English translation of the "Analects"—even in some of the greatly abbreviated gift editions current in this country—one may find a paragraph which reads something like this: "The Master said, 'Yen Pin Chong understands the meaning of true friendship; however old the acquaintance may be, he always treats him with the same respect.'" And after the name of Yen Pin Chong (or Yen Tze, as it is sometimes written) there may be an asterisk leading to a footnote which explains that the bearer of that name was a statesman and philosopher, and "minister in the neighboring state of Ch'i." It is from this thrice venerated ancient, immortalized for his high conception of friendship, that the leader of China's new learning is descended.

Even before one knows about his ancestry, one looks at Jimmy Yen and feels a certain timelessness about him. Obviously he is a young man, but one would scarcely venture a guess as to his years. After one realizes that he traces his pedigree over a period of time which, as a family record, is fairly staggering to the Occidental mind, one seems to see a reflection of eighty generations of wisdom in his placid yet sensitive face; one imagines unusual evolutionary significance in the delicate, expressive hands. Quite incidentally one begins faintly to understand the psychology of Chinese ancestor worship.

"My people have never had much money," says Jimmy Yen, simply. "From generation to generation they have had little to pass on except trunkfuls of books."

It was not the boyhood ambition of this man of distinguished scholarly lineage, reared in an atmosphere of idealism for which the Western world has no counterpart, to lead the masses of his countrymen out of the wilderness of illiteracy. Though modern China, politically and socially, has for some years been ripe for a broad educational experiment, it required the intervention of that doubtful blessing, the World War, to unite the task, the time and the man.

The time came in 1918, when Jimmy Yen, then a last year student at Yale, was asked by the War Work Council of the American Y. M. C. A. to go to France to work among the Chinese "coolies," some 200,000 of them, imported by the Allies for trench digging and other menial labors in the war. It was the plight

of the men of these Chinese Labor Battalions—miserable and homesick, unable to speak or understand the languages spoken around them, unable to read books or newspapers or to write to their families at home—that first awakened him to the greatest need of the people of his country. It was through his efforts to relieve them that he came to realize, as he says, their tremendous possibilities.

"I had never associated with the laborers before the war," says Jimmy Yen. "We of the student class felt ourselves altogether apart from them. But there in France I had the privilege of associating with them daily and knowing them intimately. I found out that these men were just as good as I, and had just as much to them. The only difference between us was that I had had advantages and they hadn't.

"Seeing the situation as I did, I decided that the most helpful thing I could do for these laborers was to give them the fundamentals of an education in their own language. So right there in the labor camp I began my first class of forty men. There was no textbook, so I had to write one. There was no other man available to teach, so I had to teach. After a few months I found, to my great surprise, these laborers—ranging in age from twenty to fifty years—not only eager but able to learn. They were soon able to ink simple letters to their folks in China. Later I published a small paper in very simple language, containing news about their home districts and the war.

"When the other laborers in the camps found out that those who at-

tended my classes had the extra advantage of learning about China and the war, I didn't have great difficulty in enrolling more laborers. The work went on so well that later I was asked to go to Paris to take charge of the educational work for all the Chinese laborers in France. The progress of this large-scale effort was so satisfactory that I was urged to start a larger newspaper, entitled 'The Chinese Laborers' Weekly,' published in *Pai Hua*, the simple, plain language of the people."

One day, as a result of starting the newspaper, Mr. Yen received a letter from one of the laborers who had learned to read in France—a letter which he declares "the greatest revelation of his life." Since it proved to be one of those little things upon which may hang great destinies, this quaintly worded missive may appropriately be quoted:

"Mr. Yen, Big Teacher:

Ever since the publication of your paper I began to know about everything under heaven. [This, Mr. Yen explains, is 'the Chinese way of putting it.'] But your paper is so cheap. It costs only one centime a copy. Maybe you have to close down your work very soon. So I inclose herewith 150 francs, which I have saved during my last three years of labor in France."

"The result of that letter," says Jimmy Yen, "was that right then and there I decided to give my life to the education and enlightenment of millions of my fellow-countrymen who had been denied a normal opportunity of schooling."

Returning the next year to China,

he began the experiment in popular education which, in the midst of the greatest combination of afflictions ever visited upon a people—wars, floods, famines, political chaos and business bankruptcy—had up to the spring of last year enrolled between four and five million students and more than one hundred thousand volunteer teachers. Further, it has enlisted the enthusiastic support of the finest minds in China and the interest of educators all over the world.

For the anomalous fact that China, with its proverbial reverence for learning—China, the country which gave the world the art of printing and which had a minister of education two thousand years before the Christian era—should come to modern times with an overwhelming proportion of its vast population unable to read or write their own language, Mr. Yen mentions two major reasons.

The first is the centuries of monarchial rule, under which education for the entire people was considered neither necessary nor desirable, being even made all but impossible by the emperors of the dynasties. The second is the Chinese language itself—the *Wen Lie*, or classical language, for centuries the only recognized literary medium, to learn which, with any degree of proficiency, required virtually a lifetime of study. Because of the difficulties of classical Chinese, the farmers and laborers—who constitute four fifths of the population, and who have extremely little time for any occupation after the winning of the daily "rice bowl"—have been automatically ruled out of the ranks of the educated.

Fortunately, however, for the Chi-

nese Mass Education Movement, the *Pai Hua*, or peoples' language, has, of recent years, due to the efforts of the "New Tide" movement in China, achieved the standing and prestige of a written language. Newspapers and magazines, as well as some of the best of the newer Chinese novels have been published in it. "It is unquestionably going to be the national language of the new China," says Mr. Yen.

Elucidating the wide variance between *Pai Hua* and the classical, or scholars' language, of China, he adduces a comparison which is as vivid as it well need be.

"Imagine," says he, "your American business men reading their newspapers and their mystery stories in Latin, and you have some idea of what it would mean for the Chinese people to read the literary language of their country."

But the *Pai Hua*, simple as it is, was not yet simple enough to teach to great masses of people either too poor to pay for an education or too busy to attend school. One of the first things that had to be done at the beginning of the Mass Education work was to simplify it still further. The reduction of the Chinese vocabulary, of forty thousand characters, to a foundational vocabulary of thirteen hundred essential characters, and the publication of textbooks, called "The Peoples' Thousand Character Readers," have gained for Jimmy Yen and his associates the credit in some quarters of having invented a new and greatly simplified Chinese language. Their work, however, has been less invention than adaptation, though the rating of *Pai Hua* words and characters for

frequency of use involved the examination of some two hundred kinds of literature and occupied the attention of a score or more of meticulous Chinese students during some four years' time.

As a result of this elaborate and painstaking process, a highly efficient educational tool has been evolved, by means of which, in four months' time, the average man, though previously entirely illiterate, is enabled to write business letters, keep accounts and read *Pai Hua* newspapers intelligently. The busy farmer or laborer has to spend but one hour in a classroom to learn one lesson in the peoples' reading course; one hour a day for four weeks is required to complete one reader, which comprises three hundred of the fundamental characters in *Pai Hua*; and four months for the entire course of four readers. With the assistance of the four thousand character "Peoples' Pocket Dictionary," training in the use of which is given in the last month of study, the more ambitious or gifted graduate of the Peoples' Schools can read virtually anything ever printed in *Pai Hua*. The price of each reader being three cents, and instruction being free, the total cost of this fundamental schooling is but twelve cents. While it is probable that so effective a schooling for so low a cost never was offered before, yet to obtain it the student must often make great sacrifices, since twelve cents, in the poorer districts of war-torn China, is no trifling amount. Recent press despatches from interior China tell of families existing on a weekly income equivalent to seven cents, United States money.

Once the movement for establishing the peoples' schools finds its way into a community, it goes of its own momentum; but the first introduction of the idea necessarily involves some organized effort.

"It was clearly understood at the outset that in promoting mass education no spasmodic or individual attempt would be of much avail," says Mr. Yen. "In the cities, organized and coöperative effort, in the form of city-wide mass education campaigns, aimed at enlisting as many volunteer workers as possible and coördinating all the forces available in a community, was essential."

To test out the practicability of organized educational work, the first campaign was held in Changsha, in the province of Hunan, central China, in March, 1922. Here all the leading citizens and students became promoters of the work, and public interest was aroused to such an extent that in two afternoons fourteen hundred illiterates from ten to fifty-six years of age were enrolled, and the services of eighty volunteer teachers, including gentry, business people and local scholars, were obtained with little difficulty.

The Chinaman hungry for an education is no quitter. Of the fourteen hundred enrolled in this first campaign in Hunan, twelve hundred stuck to the last and had the courage to come for the final examination, which was supervised by the governor of the province; and nine hundred and sixty seven passed the examination successfully. "Literate Citizen" diplomas were distributed by the governor, and the proud graduates had a parade through the city with their sheepskins in their hands

—old men and little boys marching side by side; sons of local merchants, elaborately dressed in Chinese fashion, keeping step with youths barefoot and in rags.

But the leaders of the Mass Education Movement were too farsighted to believe that a favorable result in one province ensured the success of the work until it was repeated in others. The campaign was accordingly moved on to Shantung, in North China, birth province of Confucius. From Shantung, to East China, then to South China, then to various other sections, all purposely at some distance from one another, in order that in its initial stages the work might achieve a truly national scope. In August, 1923, the National Association of the Mass Education Movement was formed, with headquarters at Peking, and a directing board consisting of two representatives from each of twenty provinces. It is in this national board that city, provincial and village branches now converge, all branches being supported by local volunteer subscription and responsible for their own finance.

A partial listing of the Chinese personages who are actively engaged in or giving freely of their time and energy to this work, is indicative of the support which it is receiving among the best people of the country. Three former presidents of national universities are now on the national staff. The head of the national work on Peoples' Literature and Civic Education is Chen Chu-san, a specialist in political science and philosophy, who holds degrees from Chinese, Japanese and American universities. A former senator in the

first parliament of the Chinese Republic, he grew disgusted with politics and became dean of the National Law University. Three years ago he gave up his deanship to cast his lot with the movement for educating the people. The head of the Department of Visual Education is Cheng Jen, an artist of nation-wide repute, and founder of the National Art College, at Peking, who refused the office of head of the Art College of the newly organized government Metropolitan University, to stay with the Mass Education Movement. Cheng Jen has taken upon himself the far-reaching task of making every picture which appears in the Mass Education textbooks and other publications, artistic in itself, with the object not only of making reading easier and more attractive, but also of developing the esthetic sense of China's new scholars.

A very important branch of the Mass Education Movement is the agricultural section, through which efforts are made to bring to the farming population not only the fundamentals of literacy but also a knowledge of improved and practical farming methods. A ten days' newspaper, called "The Farmer," containing news of current events, stories, poems and practical suggestions for the farmer, is among the publications of the national association and has a wide circulation. It is the first farm paper ever published in China.

There are classes in China, but no caste system. Though the traditional ranking of scholar, farmer, artisan and merchant, has placed no social barrier in the way of a peas-

ant's son entering the ranks of the scholars, it is comparatively rarely that such an opportunity occurs. The farmer, the villager, has remained unschooled, though often reflecting in character and bearing, the traditional philosophy and culture of the scholar class. The possession of these qualities, plus his patient industry, has caused the Chinese farmer to be praised by scholars, travelers and historians of many lands. That the farmer "undoubtedly has the best stuff in him for the making of a great citizen" is the opinion of Jimmy Yen, and the view is apparently shared by other persons who have studied the Chinese situation most carefully.

A leading spirit in the program of agricultural improvement is Dr. R. Feng, a Ph.D. from Cornell, who has supplemented his researches by work in Germany and Denmark, in the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome and with the United States Department of Agriculture. The head of the Division on Rural Education is Dr. Paul F. Fugh, likewise a Ph.D. of broad international training, no small portion of which has been received in the United States. So impressed are these two scholarly gentlemen with the importance of the farmer to the future of China, so in sympathy with the problems of these humble folk, that both are now living in the country, facing the very conditions of life that the hard-working and often sadly impoverished farming population has to face.

To the by no means negligible query, "What is the Mass Education Movement doing for the women of China?" the answer would be that

as far as the movement is concerned, women receive the same treatment as men, though the traditional conservatism of the Chinese prevents their enjoying its advantages as fully. Many women and girls, however, are enrolled in the Peoples' Schools, but usually in smaller numbers than the men, and in the country districts virtually all the women's classes are conducted in homes. Yet the chairmanship of the National Board of Trustees is held by a woman—Madame Hsi-Ling Hsiung, wife of a former premier, who was one of the three elder statesmen of China. A woman of broad philanthropic interests, Madame Hsiung, after participation in commencement exercises of the Peoples' Schools in Shantung, relinquished all other connections, even resigning the presidency of the National Women's Red Cross and the Chinese National Women's League, to devote her life to the Mass Education Work.



In this day of political change in China it is not to be expected that any movement enlisting the interest of progressive Chinese would neglect consideration of China's future as a nation. Anybody acquainted with the Chinese students in America during the recent years of their country's crisis, knows of their ardent concern in the outcome of the struggle, their self-abnegating loyalty to the revolutionary cause.

The Mass Education Movement, therefore, is inevitably bound up with the political rebirth of China. Its broader aim, as its originator states it, is "not merely to make an illiterate artisan a reader of books, nor yet to make a peasant a scientific

farmer, but to create citizens for the ideal republic of the future." As a first step toward this end, a descendant of an ancient scholars' line seeks to overthrow the tradition which exalts the scholar above all others in the nation, and to give every man an opportunity to become a scholar if he so desires.

It is not claimed that there are no obstacles in the way of this Utopian outcome; and one of the most interesting is a product of the very opportunities which the movement seeks to create. When all China has become literate, what is China to read? The existing supply of *Pai Hua* literature, although considerable and constantly increasing, will not suffice four hundred million readers, unless much more is produced. But this is an obstacle that is likewise an opportunity—a problem which, as

it is self-created, may confidently be expected to provide its own solution.

A more pressing and immediate problem is the ubiquitous question of finance. Though the operating costs of the Mass Education Movement are relatively low, they must necessarily increase with the growing complexity and usefulness of the work. And for the present China's material wealth is quite largely sealed away in the pockets of her war lords and the tombs of her everlastingly repudiated kings.

Considering the immensity of the task he has inaugurated, it is well for Jimmy Yen that he is fortified by the philosophy of his fathers: a philosophy which neither demands nor promises material reward, and in which the consideration of time does not enter.

THE INESCAPABLE GALILEAN

II—Jesus in Human Experience

WINIFRED KIRKLAND

IT HAPPENS that I do not make a daily practice of reading the written life of Jesus, probably because it is his unwritten life that more and more interests me. Out of the Gospels he came to me, but he has grown too great for me to put him back. It is as if he himself had rolled away the stone, and out of his obscure tomb, those Gospels before which I stood reverent and waiting, he had appeared with his eternal Easter challenge of life to death. But I cannot put the living Jesus that I know back into his tomb, although I may from time to time enter that broken and imperfect chronicle to contemplate the divine gesture which imperiously flung away the grave-clothes and with august finality folded the napkin once constricting the radiance of his face.

I believe that my own experience of Jesus in relation to the New Testament is perhaps typical of his method of revelation for all humanity and for all history; that is, we receive from the Gospels the first flickering hypothesis of a divine man who suggests a divine intention for all life. But until we ourselves have made trial of that hypothesis, neither that divine man nor that divine intention obtains any reality. I mean

these words most literally. God does not just happen, in vulgar cheapness, unsought for, unfought for. For his discovery, God requires a curious and most reluctant key, an adventurous humility. I believe an adventurous humility is the key to all human achievement. At this moment the greatest current achievement of the human race is in science. The reason is that science employs this fundamental psychological law of all progress, a convinced humility. Science sets forth on its quest with no more self-conceit than a two-year-old possesses who toddles forth alone from his bed into some black mystery of midnight hall and stair, forbidden door and open sky. "Except ye become as little children," trite words, but the man who once used them is a scientist, a scientist of the soul. To-day it is scientists who set the example of humility and bravery, while Christians are still enfeebled by complacency and caution. Science but reiterates the pricelessness of the method Jesus has always demanded. Just as long as science remains humble, its gifts to the race are beyond computing; just as soon as it ceases to be humble it ceases to be scientific. Science abrogates the very essential of its advance the moment it becomes pontifical, the moment it abjures

that reverence before the unknown which reveals every honest laboratory as a holy place, and declares there are no realms for exploration except those it has staked for discovery. Christianity and science have at present a vital interrelation if each could only be modest enough to accept light from the other. Science is the study of the creation, religion is the study of the creator, but the technique of these two studies is identical, for the key to all human advance is an intrepid humility.

Jesus issuing from his scripture tomb in history can be observed challenging every follower to a hazard essentially scientific. In those dim, earliest reaches of Christian story, he can be seen first only as a flickering shape, his very form conditioned to the mind of the observer—gardener, wayfarer, fisherman—precisely as to-day I myself conceive his essential character to be that of a Friend, stimulating beyond conception. But my method of discovering Jesus I regard as fundamentally scientific since it is the putting to proof of an hypothesis. Out from a crude first century tomb issues a man who says:

"I have the secret of life. Come live with me and see if I am true. It is the law of my reality that you cannot know me by looking at me. You cannot know me except by the scientific adventure of an hypothesis. This hypothesis of my reality, like every hypothesis of science, is first conceived in the imagination, and then established by bold experiment. First conceive me, the actual Jesus two thousand years dead, as a living though invisible man beside

you, and second make the blind adventure of guiding your thoughts and conduct as if I, this actual historic Jesus, were speaking in your ear, and thus by following the inalienable law both of scientific and of religious discovery, you shall discover God."

This is Jesus's announcement to me from his scripture tomb. And this is why, the more I come to know him as an ever-enlarging fact and personality, the less I can ever again confine him within his written biographies. In fact it is the Jesus I have come to know outside of the Gospels who now goes back with me into those narrow sacred precincts once conscribing him and makes those early words shine with the glory of two thousand later Easters.



I believe that the sequence of Christ-experience is as true for Christianity—word pitifully defiled both by its adherents and its opponents!—as it is true for the individual Christian. First the flickering hypothesis of a divine man as challenging Example to all the race, then the laboratory experiment of imitation, leading to the only sort of assurance we shall ever have that God is a reality. Christianity has long compromised with the example of Jesus, accepting it in some things, utterly repudiating it in others, and thus attaining only an imperfect knowledge of God and, as relentless consequence, exhibiting in its practices only an imperfect imitation of God's purposes. But to-day Christianity is not dead. It is waking to the inexorable need of new and bold alinements. The laboratory testing of Jesus in conduct is becoming matter for the pub-

lic as well as for the private Christian conscience. But both Christianity at large and each Christian in particular must remember that the discovery of God resembles the discoveries of science in this, God is invalidated the instant we proclaim to ourselves that our discovery is final. The essence of pharisaism is the fallacy of a God finite enough to be casketed in a creed. The tragedy of pharisaism is that it is perennial, the tragedy of Calvary is that it is recurrent. It is possible for even science to descend to a pharisaism as destructive as the pharisaism of religion. The moment psychology asserts that behaviorism or any other *ism* or *logy* is its final word, psychology itself is building a wall against all further investigation of the laws of human conduct. And the instant I say of the Presence beside me at this moment, "This and this only, is the God you, my agnostic friend, must receive," or far more momentarily, the instant I announce to myself, "This is the perfected conception of Christ that I myself shall always accept," in that instant I am building a wall between myself and an ever-expanding God, who if he be God at all, must ever both satisfy and elude my finite aspiration.

It is witness to mankind's unacknowledged conviction of a beneficent deity that we demand that the Ineffable shall reveal himself to us for less dedication of self to a purpose than goes to the buying of a cabbage. God is the only commodity we expect to get for nothing. No astronomer sits down with folded hands and gazing into space expects the secrets of the heavens to drop into his mind. He first imagines there are hidden stars; then, with unbelievable

ingenuity he constructs a telescope and with incalculable devotion trains his sight; thus, employing both implement and eyes, he discovers new constellations. Columbus did not expect to establish the fact of a western continent without using a ship. We sometimes read of a doctor who has gone to his death to prove that a certain germ exists; but when do we read of a Christian of to-day who has gone to his death to prove that a certain God exists? Yet this is precisely what Jesus did. Jesus of Galilee imagined that a God of love exists and he lived his life and died his death on that hypothesis. It is a flat, scientific fact absurd for any Christian to deny, that the only way to know Jesus is to use our imagination as he used his. But it is equally absurd for any scientist to disparage the use of imagination in religion, seeing that no smallest discovery of science could be made without the use of imagination. Without imagination, no hypothesis; without hypothesis, no science. And it is equally true that if science stopped with hypothesis, there would be no science. There would be no aviation if Icarus and the Wright brothers had not risked their lives on a dream. Take out of the world to-day all that came into it when Jesus of Nazareth risked his life on a dream, and just what would be left?

I believe that every honest scientist, standing alone, eye to eye, with the Galilean, recognizes the scientist in Jesus. Yet science accuses Christians of being visionary, and the charge is just for Christians, but not for Christ. The difference between the visioned man and the visionary is that the visioned man dares to put

his hypothesis to proof. Science is now blaming Christianity for not being sufficiently humanitarian. To whose cowardice is it due that the real reproach of science is not that we Christians believe a dream, but that we do not believe it enough to live it, as science lives its dreams? Until we dare to live our vision, we shall never convince a doubting world of its reality, but far more significantly, we shall never convince our doubting selves of its reality. The way to know is to dare. To know Jesus we must first obey him, and in that *first* lies the whole law of method for discovery. No other knowledge is bought without risk, yet we expect religion to come to us in that tame and supine way! How many times did Jesus say, Only by doing the doctrine shall you know its truth! Yet we are very proud of discussing and discussing and discussing religion and religions, curiously enough seeming to believe this to be a scientific manner of approach. Yet any scientist would be thought a fool who expected to know chemistry without ever performing an experiment or to know astronomy by pulling the shades and closing the doors and arguing with a group of others as ignorant as himself the possible existence of the sun.

The law of all human knowledge from the day the first ape tottered upright, has been, first, hypothesis, then experiment, then conviction. If we had not obeyed this law we should never have known anything of the sky and air and earth or of the body we briefly inhabit; and yet in that most momentous knowledge of all, the knowledge of God, we expect

to abrogate this method. If there be a God beyond our human senses, would he have chosen a way of revelation that was effortless and an insult to our powers, or a way difficult and audacious beyond reckoning? Fouled with familiarity yet deathless, a command has been blazoned across our darkness. There is no risk in the world so intrepid as to love our fellow-man. Yet across the blackness of human bewilderment, still burns that fiery command. First, risk your own soul in love for your fellows, and then perhaps, perhaps, you shall discover that even so does a God of love risk his own soul for his faith in us!

Throughout his thirty-odd years of earth, Jesus of Galilee walked, unswerving and intrepid, a dizzying path of conjecture. Unless we, faint and blind and doubtful of our capacities, shall attain some few steps along that path, we shall never come near enough to him to know who he is. Jesus in human experience is a more mysterious phenomenon than is Jesus in human history. The question, "Who is Jesus?" has always been too profound for the limitations of theology, or of scholarship, or of science, so that for any individual, either of the first century or of the twentieth to delegate the answer to the theologian or to the scholar or to the scientist has always entailed the rejecting of a personal adventure, and the declining of a strangely personal association. Not in the scant records of Scripture, not in church tradition or church dogma, not in all the material all history affords, shall we discover Jesus of Galilee unless steadfastly we employ the same methods he employed for

discovering himself. The method by which we come to see Jesus is more significant for his identity than is the actual historical material out of which he is shaped to our sight. Because for nearly two thousand years that method has been neglected, Jesus remains only an abortive influence on human affairs, and Christianity remains only a mockery of its protestations. But to-day something new has happened, a new attitude of mind toward all subjects. Science is now setting Christians an example of applied method. From the scientists of our era we may learn the courage needed to approach Jesus. It is the science of our day that is emboldening Christianity to free itself from the cerements of the past, and once again to enter history in a confident resurrection.

There is a patriotism due to one's period as well as to one's country, an allegiance and an enthusiasm due to that era as well as to that land which one is privileged to inhabit. We are living in a day when science has made the whole world new. Science has unveiled new constellations. Science has taught us to ride the air, and to descend into the sea and paint pictures of its secrets. Research has laid bare a hidden past, so that great kings pass before our eyes in all their golden splendor, or pressing into that darkness back of all kings, back of all men, we can watch strange reptiles unfurl giant wings, or a behemoth plant its giant feet. Science has revealed the incredible intricacies of the human body, and the more incredible subtleties of the human brain. Science has ripped away the curtains of space and annulled the laws of time, so

that a ten-year-old schoolboy knows how to penetrate the air and listen to voices speaking in San Francisco, and may presently with some home-made apparatus be photographing a live African jungle. Merely to be alive in a period of such accomplishment makes the blood leap with pride! And yet to my own mind, as, all humbly, I dare to scan for myself the astounding achievements of our day, I seem to see an even greater contribution of science to civilization. Science has performed miracles beyond the mind's believing, yet its miracles are physical, its discoveries are material. But the method used for all its miracles, for all its discoveries, is still greater than any one of its miracles, than any one of its discoveries, even though these are the greatest the human mind has made in all its history. The method of intrepid hypothesis, of intrepid experiment wrought as now into the very texture of all human thinking, is destined for future achievement that we cannot yet measure or compute. Not *what* we have discovered but *how*, has enfranchised us for all the days to come. And the profoundest import of scientific method is something not yet clearly perceived, for this method of audacious and exhaustless adventure, now forever established as the law of all advance, is applicable not only to the body and to the brain, but also to the soul. Seeing all about him what man's intellect has accomplished, and how, the Christian is beginning to ask himself, "What might man's spirit also accomplish if released by the same technique?" It may be that science in some far future may exhaust all its present limitless domain.

Some day the clouds may have become sordid with our treading, some day the earth may have been sifted to its last grain, and the cells of our brain shredded to the ultimate atom, but the method by which science scrutinizes cloud and earth and cell may have emancipated the race of man to a spiritual achievement which shall be exhaustless.

It is impossible that science should be dominating all our era and that Christianity remain much longer dull to the challenge of its example. All these centuries Christianity has gone crippled because it has failed to practise the law of action as the means to conviction, that law of Christ the boldest scientist of all—first *do*, then *know*. Already there are signs all about us that Christianity is waking. Not only in general stimulus to bravery, but in many specific ways science can now be seen assisting in the cleansing and renewing of a long-cowardly Christian faith.

Two tendencies of present-day religion may be traced directly to science and with these tendencies the liberal Christian is in complete sympathy. One of these two tendencies is the decay of authority. Everywhere around us we can observe the discarding of outworn standards. Social, moral, religious, governmental, artistic—all age-old commandments and prohibitions are being questioned. Experimentation is being applied to every department of life. But when all the time-worn standards go crumbling, a man must look to his own feet. Never did any period afford such incentive to individual discovery. Creed and

dogma are being reëxamined as relentlessly as are the mechanics of sight and sound. Just as each one of us will be forced to adjust his daily living to the physical fact of television, so on any day we may see dogma and denomination relentlessly swept away because some scientist of the soul has discovered a religious television which suddenly brings each man of us face to face with God. Old authority is decaying. In every realm, discovery, experiment, invention, is taking its place, establishing a new authority adjusted to meet neglected facts. Before to-day's revelation of new physical forces, any lonely investigator may bring forth new discoveries, may invent new mechanisms, of inestimable value to the race. In all the reaches of science, there is this sense of ever-imminent discovery. No one knows what any man may disclose on any day. The Christian also, like the scientist, is at this hour stimulated, set quiveringly expectant, by the decay of old authority, and the imminence of new energies to be released in religion. Perhaps the Christian of to-day, no longer comforted by ancient ecclesiastical authority, but standing, lonely and needy, in the mysterious laboratory of the soul, may discover both for himself and for others new forces in faith, new methods in chaining and employing those forces, which shall constitute a revolution in religious thinking as epochal for Christianity as the newly revealed energies of the atom have been for physics.

Words and wordy emotion no longer characterize the Christianity now in process of renewal. Logic and austerity distinguish the religious

books of to-day, and when were there so many religious books written and read as now? Where can you find closer-knit argument than in Canon Streeter's "Reality" or more clear-cut arraignment than in Reinhold Niebuhr's "Does Civilization Need Religion"? or Dick Sheppard's "Impatience of a Parson"? To-day Christians are not afraid to think. They are afraid not to.

Science is contributing its clarity and its virility to the whole range of Christian opinion and Christian decision. Alinements once hazy are becoming unavoidably clear. We are perceiving the humor of any one's going about with a Bible in one hand and a bayonet in the other. The grim satire of this equipment has been revealed to us by those realistic habits of mind which science inculcates even in the kindergarten. We are beginning to chuckle if an industrial magnate grinds up a child worker in his mills, but standing in church shouts lustily to be cleansed by the blood of the crucified one. The personal salvation of such a man no longer seems to us important. The straddle is rapidly becoming not merely an unpopular Christian gesture, it is fast becoming an impossible one. That little label Christian is not the easy label it used to be. In a scientific age, we Christians are ourselves holding it to its true significance.

The relentless logic imposed on us by a scientific upbringing has suggested that gunboats are hardly the best support for the missionaries who carry the gospel of love, and almost overnight missionaries themselves rejected this policy of protection. Of late, church investigations

have gained from every one a new respect for the church. Church researches into prohibition, into the condition of the steel mills and of the mines, and into divorce have exhibited an impartiality and exhaustiveness that reflect the spirit of the laboratory. It is the logic and honesty learned from the test-tube in high school and college that preach to every clear-headed Christian, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." The service of twentieth century science to twentieth century Christianity may be to release it from that spirit of compromise which for twenty centuries has helped to seal the spirit of Christ in his tomb.

In addition to a new virility and candor of thinking, science is contributing two specific aids to the emancipation of a resurgent Christianity. And as I write these words I am not picturing Christianity and science as two opposing and mutually exclusive systems. Rather I am thinking of the interrelation of science and religion within the Christian's own mind. Not our reply to some scientist in the press or on the platform concerns us, but our reply to that scientist resident in our own cranium. It is this scientist within himself that is now offering to the Christian two challenges to reorient himself in his own faith. The first challenge lies in the immediacy and practicality by which science reckons its achievement. Can the Christian faith also be measured by its practicality for the present, or does its claim belong to a doubtful past or to a still more doubtful post-mundane future? The second challenge lies in the fact that the physical miracles of

science now surpass the physical miracles of Jesus; therefore, in the light of the signs and wonders now being performed by material agencies all about us, what is the present relation of Christian faith to the miraculous element in the gospels?

These are the two questions science is asking Christianity to answer, and Christianity is answering them, but in ways that rend the cloak of dogma, and test theology to the bone. Religion is always shy about casting off grave-clothes. Christianity is still so swathed in medievalism that even a well-informed scientist can in this morning's paper reproach Christians for a Kingdom of Heaven built not on earth but in the sky. The essence of all medievalism is evasion, but what live Christian is to-day thinking of the Kingdom of Heaven as located in the firmament or in the future? The middle ages put it there because they were thus wholly exonerated from building it. It will be long before the church of Christ is wholly extricated from cramping medieval conceptions, but we may be grateful to science for that spiritual clarification and emancipation which are now driving us to reëxamine Jesus's own conception of his kingdom. Nothing about Jesus is so mysterious as his reverence for the world he lived in and for that humanity he shared. Nothing has so delayed the establishment of Jesus's social order as the cowardly relegating of it to some misty post-mundane future. An intricate hierarchy, an elaborate association of spirits, is associated with the word Christianity, but what words of Jesus justify this? What honest scientist, what honest Christian, can read the

words of Jesus and accuse him of formulating either the medieval Heaven or the medieval Hell? Both were for the medieval mind ways of escape from Jesus's dynamic and immediate command for this earth, Love one another. Because science is challenging us within our own minds, we Christians, now reëxamining our faith, are discovering in it its burning Now and Here. It was because Jesus perceived in earthly life the possibilities of a beauty no other man has ever seen that he suffered as no other man has ever suffered at the thought of leaving this our earth. What was the temptation in Gethsemane except the temptation to stay and himself build his kingdom upon earth rather than to die, trusting us to build it for him?

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Never, I hope, do I lose sight of the fact that I am speaking only for one Christian, only for myself; and yet I cannot help hoping that I may be speaking for others also, as I seek to analyze my own attitude toward the miracles of science and toward the miracles of Jesus. As I glance from the pages of the "New York Times" to the pages of the New Testament, the prodigies accomplished by modern science seem to me greater than any marvels recorded of Jesus. The effort to believe the physical wonders accomplished by science requires a greater exercise of sheer credulity than to believe the physical wonders accomplished by Jesus. Therefore it cannot be the mere degree of miracle we stick at, but something else; and I wish both scientist and Christian might begin to acknowledge the truth that Jesus of Nazareth has

never been either accepted or denied on a basis of pure miracle, but rather on a basis of explanation of that miracle. This truth he himself was the first to perceive clearly. In a decade when science by a voice from a telephone can animate a mechanical man to unfurl a flag or press an electric button, it should involve no strain on credulity to believe that a voice once animated a dead man. A mechanism from which life has departed is no more dead than a mechanism into which life has never entered. It is, therefore, not the mere obedience of a dead body to a voice that we object to. The crux is that the voice of Jesus has been held to be the voice of God, and the telephone call makes no such claim.

An age accustomed to gliding on air may not with honesty quibble about walking on water, for any man may be doing that to-morrow. What we really refuse to accept is that Jesus had spiritual power to tread the waves. Has an age that calmly discusses ectogenesis any right to deny the possibility of parthenogenesis? What we do deny is the divine intervention implied. The pulmotor has achieved greater prodigies than the raising of Jairus's daughter. The telephone is a greater wonder than making the dumb speak. Television is a greater wonder than making the blind see. The modern doctor has performed greater healing than Jesus.

"Greater works than these shall ye do." We have done them.

Seeing the miracles of modern science the modern Christian has been forced to reëxamine his faith in order to ascertain how far it is affected by the miracles of Jesus. For myself, merely one Christian of many, I discover that if every miracle of Jesus were deleted from the New Testament, I should still find the character of Jesus the greatest miracle the world has ever witnessed. Whence did this man come? How did he make himself what he is? Why is he still here? The marvels of modern science outshine the marvels of Jesus in every way but one—their motive. Every miracle of science can be explained on the basis of a purely physical universe, and possibly even the miracles of Jesus will eventually be thus explained. But Jesus himself cannot be thus explained.

The greatest gift that modern science has given to civilization is not the material but the method of its discoveries. The greatest gift that modern science may give to Christianity is this method of fearless hypothesis and fearless experiment. The greatest gift that modern science has already given to many a Christian, a gift to be proved only by intrepid adventure, is the realization that the Christian faith rests not on any physical miracle, but rests forever on the miracle of a Personality.

(Next Month: *The Great Conjecture*)

RIVERS OF GOLD

The Romantic Story of Our Basic Industry—Wheat

AGNES C. LAUT

IF A resident of Mars could look down on our little planet with a super-penetrative vision, he would see flowing ceaselessly every month of the year over land and sea a tidal wave of pure gold—the purest gold in color known to man except the light that clothes the sun. He would see this golden tide tossed to the wind in restless waves from the plains of the Saskatchewan and the Mississippi to the Plata in South America, and from the Volga to the Nile and the mountain-shadowed rivers of India. He would see this great sea of gold converge to narrow channels belting the globe from the Pacific through the narrow neck of Panama across the Atlantic to Liverpool, or threading over the blue surface of the lakes from Duluth and Fort William and Chicago down to New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore and again across the Atlantic to Hamburg and to Rome. Ten thousand little rivulets and feeders from Argentine, from India, from Australia—all gold as the gold of the sun—he would see pouring into the main great tidal current across the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic, the Pacific.

And if he asked, what is it?—this gleaming river of gold belting the earth—the Martian would learn that we call it *wheat*.

If he had a knack for figures and took his pencil and did some reckoning, he would learn that if all this Wheat Thing produced in a single year were heaped in one pile and all the metal gold of the world mined in the same period were dumped in another, the wheat pile would be seven times as valuable as the metal pile.

This is not a poetic fancy. It is a mathematical fact. The world needs something over three billion bushels of wheat a year—this it must have, although, if it can get it, it will take more. Put the value at one dollar a bushel—it has been higher for three years. The world seldom produces more than four hundred million dollars' worth of metal gold a year, and often less. Figure it for yourself.

Yet more—he would find, this Martian onlooker, that the annual wheat crop of the United States was twice as valuable as all the gold produced in the world in a single year; that the wheat of Canada also exceeds this annual world gold in value, and that the wheat of India year in and year out is about equal to it. Again figure it out for yourself.

If he asked, What is this wheat?—the Egyptian would answer, a gift of the god Osiris to the Nile away back

before 3300 B.C.; the Greeks would say, a gift of Demeter, certainly as early as 2200 B.C.; the Romans would say it came from Ceres; and the Hebrews would say it came from a single strand with a single ear found at the foot of Mt. Hermon. Indeed if our astronomers were archæologists as well as mathematicians, they would find on the tiles of Babylon as early as 2200 B.C., and in the traditions of Rome as far back as Latins know their own origin, that there was a day when the value of metal gold was measured by the value of wheat gold—just the reverse of our day when we measure the value of wheat by the standard of gold. When the caravans of Ethiopia and India came to sell their jewels and precious metals, Romans and Babylonians both valued gems and metals according to their weight against wheat. The royal priests of the great trade temples put one or more grains of wheat on one side of the scales and the metal or precious gem on the other; and the barter was made according to the standard of the grain of wheat. That is where our Troy measure of weight comes from. Wheat was the standard for gold; not gold the standard for wheat. And this is equally true to-day in another and more subtle way. In every era of tight money in the United States, 1837, 1857, 1871, our own war period, it was the wheat going out to world markets that brought gold coin back to America.

Just as in the Arab legend gold was called "solidified light," so the Hebrew called wheat "the bread of life," "the bread of Heaven," "the staff of life." One of the greatest

achievements ascribed to Abraham in Hebrew legends is the invention of the first seed-drill. An old plaster tile shows the pictures in 1900 B.C.—a contrivance like our single-horse corn-dropper attached above the plow, behind the plowshare, to drop the seed as the furrow turned. The legend runs that when Abraham, a boy, was sent out to sow the grain by hand-broadcasting, he had to waste so much time "to fray the birds away," the rooks and the redstarts round the swamps of Ur, that he invented the contrivance of a box seed-dropper.



Though seventeen varieties of wheat have been found in the mummy-cases of Egypt back to 3300 B.C., not one—wild yarns to the contrary—has ever been made to sprout. Both Flinders Petrie and Wallis Budge, the great Egyptologists, have tried it, again and again, under every favorable condition that science could devise. Wheat on an average loses its life-germ within ten years. There is no record in science of wheat retaining its life after twenty-five years.

Yet, wheat has the closest resemblance to human life of all known plants. It has its birth, its death, its resurrection, which Paul quotes in the Epistle: "Except it die and shed its coat of skin, it cannot live again." It has a host of terrible weed relatives. It is really only a cultivated wild grass. Wild wheat has but one grain of hope in it; but from this humble ancestor all our civilized wheat has developed—and now two square feet of it, properly nurtured, will produce one loaf of bread weighing a pound. It needs tireless care in

its birth, in its growth, in its harvest to protect it from inherited disease, parasites and weather. It reverts to wild strains with amazing persistence, flattens out and becomes a ground-runner with empty glumes and dwarf seeds and earth-stained flour. Smut is an inherited disease harking back to some bad ancestor. Rust is a parasite sapping its strength.

Insect pests can be overcome only by "plowing up your fallow ground," and if that fails, by fire, as the Bible says, over and over again. Even wheat, too, has its purgatory to burn its sins away.

But give the little spark of life a chance; and there isn't a gold-mine on earth can yield such dividends. It robs no man and yet its returns leave any plutocrat looking cheap. Here is what has been done with wheat by actual experiment: One seed has produced one hundred shoots with one thousand grains: sixty-three wheat-ears have yielded 2473 grains; eighty ears have grown 4522 grains; 130 ears have grown 6855 grains. Fourteen straws from one seed are good for mass growth; but here is what a scientist, Miller, did in 1765. On June 2nd, he planted a grain. On August 8th, he lifted the little roots and sprouts and got eighteen different plants. He repeated this in October and got sixty-seven different plants. He kept up this process all winter and had five hundred different plants going by spring, from which he harvested 21,000 ears, or forty-seven pounds and seven ounces of grain, equal to more than fifty loaves of bread. There is no miracle in the Bible surpassing that scientific achievement.

No such returns from care and culture are known in all life except in the human sphere. One sometimes wonders how pioneers on the Pacific Coast had the courage to cut clearings amid the giant firs, where it took one season to chop and saw down the colossal trees, another season to burn out stumps, each big enough for a center table, yet a third season to plow up and let the sunlight oxidize the sour humus, before the tiny oasis in a wilderness forest could be planted. I asked an old lady of the great migration of the eighteen fifties that question; and here is her answer. "My husband and I planted a few grains of wheat to see what they would do. Only one or two survived the crows. We counted the grains from a single seed; there were almost four thousand. We were utterly discouraged, but after that we decided to stay. Soil, which produced such a yield, would feed the world." Two cities have grown up where that bride and groom came to a wilderness in the fifties.

At a luncheon of business men in the West, I brought the wheat strands and heads from a single seed. Sixteen of us guessed how many kernels would total up from that one seed. The guesses ran all the way from seventy-six to five hundred—though we had the heads in front of us. "Might as well make a wild guess," laughed the man who had said five hundred. Then we counted, there were over 3500!

Do you wonder that to the ancients wheat symbolized a divine and deathless life?

Wheat grows everywhere except in the tropics and the arctics. In the

tropics, heat and rain drive it back to all grass and no seed. In the arctics, long sunlight would force perfect growth; but soil is lacking. Wheat must have the perfect balance of cold winters and warm dry summers, with just enough rain in spring and fall to give the roots one third as much water-nourishment as they get from sun and soil. Like man its roots strike back and down to the unseen forces of earth; and like man, its growth reaches up for higher nourishment to the eternal light.

First, is the seed-bed. Somewhere on the earth every month of the year, wheat is either being planted or harvested, and the seed-bed must be mellow and fine as flour and free of all weeds and fungus and parasites. Sounds easy, but it isn't. Rains may prevent fall plowing. Hot winds may cake the earth to a cement, or blow the mellowed soil in dust drifts, whirling across the field of the good farms the weeds of the bad farms next door. And the work must be done with relentless speed; no eight hour day, no looking at the clock from four in the morning to six and seven and eight and nine at night as long as daylight lasts; for wheat not planted early enough to get the spring rains cannot acquire the strength to withstand the shattering winds of early summer; and fall wheat must be in early enough in the autumn, to get strong roots in time to resist heaving frosts and winter cold. Swivel-chair critics sometimes say the wheat farmer has "a soft snap" because he works only five months of the year—from May to September. A laugh goes with every such statement. The farmer must begin his labors in March and his

crop is not all delivered until December; and if you add up his hours, from four in the morning to six in the evening you will smile at the town man's opinion. Then it takes the two winter months for the careful farmer to put his implements and harness back in shape for the next year's race against wind and weather.

The seed-bed ready, he may plant by hand or drill, ten acres a day, or fifty, according to his man-power or gasoline power; but what seed shall he plant?

All the wheats grown in America are descendants and variables of the great families—Durums and Fifes; and the origin of each is full of romance. We no longer regard spring and fall wheats as two varieties. You can take a soft fall wheat of Kansas, plant it in Athabasca, or on Peace River, and in a year it will develop into a hard spring wheat. But Durums and Fifes are another story. A poor backwoods farmer got a little handful of wheat from a Scotch relative, who had been traveling in Russia. One version has it, the man's name was Fife; another, that he came from Fife. Anyway, in the dank forest mold of his backwoods farm, he planted the handful. Only a few ears survived the forest-shaded light, the wandering cow, the inquisitive pigs, the busy hens. Those he treasured as he would grains of gold. They *were* grains of gold. They were the beginnings of the vast river of wheat that flows from North America to Europe. From those few grains have been developed the wheats which wave in a sea of gold west of the Great Lakes.

But the Fife wheats could not survive the scant rainfall of the

Southwest or the drought of the arid upper plains. Could a wheat be found to resist both drought and rust? The search began about fifty years ago by the Department of Agriculture. Some say our original Durums came from Nicaragua, others, from Russia, and the chances are the homeland was Russia, leading back to Egypt. Anyway, by cross-breeding these wheats from dry lands and carefully selecting the best seed each year, we have developed the drought-resistant Durums.

Now we go back a bit to 1858-59. We were producing then about eighty-eight million bushels of wheat a year, less than a tenth of what America produces to-day, when a prophet of woe arose, a Mr. Klippart, a second Malthus, who warned us we were going to starve. Population was growing faster than wheat. Wheat could never be grown north of Ohio, or south of Kansas, frost killing in the North and heat killing in the South. Yet wheat is now grown from Alaska to Panama, and if needed, America could to-morrow grow all the wheat the world eats. She grows half now. One of the tragedies of wheat farming is that, even though the aggregates are so colossal, the yearly yield an acre goes lower and lower. When wheat yields less than fifteen bushels to the acre, only a freak high price can pay the farmer costs.

Averages in North America are to-day the lowest in the world. It is rather alarming to study them:

Germany.....	32	bushels an acre
Great Britain....	32	" " "
France.....	20	" " "

Canada.....	19	bushels an acre
Hungary.....	19	" " "
Rumania.....	19	" " "
Italy.....	16	" " "
United States...	14	" " "
Spain.....	13	" " "
Australia.....	12	" " "
India.....	12	" " "
Russia.....	12	" " "
Argentina.....	11	" " "

While such countries as Spain, Australia, India, Argentina, can live on averages below fifteen bushels an acre—the wages being low and the climate so hot or mild or dry that wheat does not require storage—northern countries with high wages, long hauls and expensive machines to outrace the short season, cannot live on averages below fifteen bushels. All that saves the American farmer is that machine-power lowers costs. Low yields and low prices are tragedies no wheat farmer can survive. When they come together in one season, banks crash, the wheels stop going round; and we have hard times. Only the miracle of a big wheat crop saved us from a financial debacle twice in the last fifty years.

By hand or drill, the farmer plants his wheat; and then begins one of the most beautiful dramas in nature's cycle; sentient and wise as Maeterlinck's or Fabre's bees. In three to ten days the grain sprouts. A tiny blade, tender as a baby's finger, cleaves the soil. No, it is not a blade. It is a gay young soldier's sword-sheath. Out of the sheath comes the blade. The Indians say it is a young warrior god born to try his skill in the great tournament of rain and frost and light. A single root goes

down to suck moisture and food from the soil; but as the wind blows, the little plant puts out five or six guy ropes to anchor it more safely to the soil. How does it know that it should put out those guy ropes against the ramping winds? How does it know as it grows higher above the soil that it should form little rings or nodes in its straw—reinforced hoops to strengthen the hollow straws against the day of the flattening wind? Do you wonder the Irish believe there are fairies and pixies at work in the glowing fields of emerald green? From five to seven of these nodes you can count in the tall straw. At first, like the child, the plant draws its milk from the parent seed; but later with food from sun and soil, it “stools” or “tillers” out to three, four, five, ten straws each with a head.

If too much seed has been planted, the straws are crowded and fail to mature. If too little seed is planted, the straws grow too high and are frail against the wind; for the hot winds come just when needed to force bloom and ripening. Only the farmer who gets his crop in early enough to have strong growth can now defy heat and wind; and even his hopes may in an hour be blasted by a hail storm. The drier the weather now, the more “stools” or strands come up. As the strands go up, glumes or cases for the blossoms, form at the tip and when the glumes open, the flowers blossom, the pollen dust scatters, and a new cycle of life

has begun. Down at the root, the old seed is dead. It has shed its coat of skin; but a hundred new lives have been born from it, up in the light.

The first blossom opens at the base of the ear, the wind blows—down scatters the pollen dust. In five minutes the glumes have closed shutting out insects and parasites. Up thirty little spikelets to the ear, the quiver of life and birth runs.

At what hour does the wheat blossom?

Long ago, when there were few barb-wire fences from the Lakes to the Rockies, I used to go riding between five in the morning and eleven. The wheat reached to my saddle girths. Sometimes just as the sun rose in a blaze of glory, I would rein in to a stop and watch and listen. A ripple of wind ran over the wheat like the hand of an invisible presence. Yellow-throated meadow larks, redstarts and bobolinks sang, and an odor, faint and elusive, perfumed the air. Then—it was broad day; and the beautiful mystery had passed. What it was, I did not know then. I know now. It was the blossoming of the wheat. I would know that faint perfume again if I met it in Paradise; for though the wheat blossoms every hour, for three to five days, the most of the blossoming is from four to seven in the morning.

I didn't know what had happened; but I know now.

A new cycle of life quivered and ran round the earth.

A MODERN'S SEARCH IN SCIENCE

When There Shall Be But One Family, with the World as Its Home

S. T.

DR. BENEDICT, the anthropologist, writing on the science of man in the Century science series, chooses for her title, "The Science of Custom." This in itself tells a story.

The theme of Dr. Benedict's paper is *the creative power of tradition* in the shaping of life; *the plasticity of the individual* under the molding power of traditional ideas, and *the overwhelming influence of his cultural environment* as contrasted with the influence of hereditary instincts.

"Anthropology has no encouragement to offer to those who would trust our spiritual achievements to the automatic perpetuation of any selected hereditary germ-plasms. Culture, it insists, is not carried in that fashion for the human race." Man learns the set of cultural traits of that society in which he is placed—whether that society be the one into which he was born, or adopted.

Even the basic emotions of fear and love, we are told, are developed according to cultural patterns, and express themselves in behavior according to cultural permit. This strikes a blow at some of the modern psycho-analytical theories which would ascribe supreme power to the primitive instincts; and convinces us of the superior power of transmitted ideas.

It is these cultural patternings, Dr. Benedict tells us, these traditional institutions and ideas, that turn out to be compulsive, fashioning the instincts of the people who live within them. "They take the raw material of experience and mold it into fifty different shapes among fifty different peoples. The traditional patterns of behavior set the mold and human nature flows into it."

What these ideas and institutions to be transmitted shall be, becomes then a matter of the first importance. Hitherto, as Dr. Benedict points out, custom and tradition have developed blindly, unconsciously, following upon some purely natural reaction or biological event in man's life—round which grew up an elaborate ritual, resulting sometimes in permanent, unreasoned obsession.

Thus the blind creation of habitual *grooves of thought*. How many of us live, for even a small fraction of our time, independent of these automatic habitual grooves? Do we wear and eat what we individually and thoughtfully consider to be the wisest possible food and garments—or do we put on and take in what is suggested to us by the unreflecting majority of our group? Have we ever tried to

think out—conscientiously, perhaps painfully—for ourselves, honest religious, political, economic or moral values?

Most of us, whether officially dubbed “conservative” or “radical,” repeat the phrases and attitudes that have been most impressively conveyed to us, by the most imposing set of people. We are playing with one another a game of perpetual circles of suggestion. But how useful, how desirable, how truly worthy of perpetuation are all these fixed ideas and customs that we continue to pass back and forth?

Once more, by the avenue of anthropology, as in previous months by other avenues of research, we are brought to the realization of our own power—and responsibility—with regard to this life, of which we usually consider ourselves the helpless victims. Dr. Benedict tells us that tradition makes us what we are—and we make tradition. “Everything we now are,” says Sir J. C. Bose, “is the outcome of previous stimulation; and man by opening himself to such stimulation as he desires, can make of himself what he wills.” “The biggest fact of organic evolution,” says J. Arthur Thomson, “is the trend toward greater mastery of environment and increased freedom of self-expression through greater knowledge and foresight—wiser control of life.”

The acrostic of science, along whichever line we read it, spells the same thing: the plasticity of matter, its swift response to stimulation; the creative power of individual and group to mold that plastic life-stuff into what forms they will. And that

the wise course, the only possible course from now on, if we are to survive, is to use that creative power consciously and intelligently. This we can do only by individual self-examination and self-discipline, then by coöperative and united action—instead of the old ruthless competition.

Not the preachers and idealists only are telling us this now, but the “hard-headed” scientists and psychologists, out of their systematized investigations. Every scientist who has written a line for this magazine—the mathematician, the physicist, the botanist, the biologist, the anthropologist—brings in the same evidence, no matter by what line of experiment and approach.

Every science says the same thing. Every science points the same “way out” of human problems and difficulties. And that way (of intelligent conscious spiritual and moral self-determination) is not different from, but identical with, the way of psychology and of religion.

Instead of contradicting one another, as popularly supposed, these three great branches of human knowledge—science, psychology, and religion—we find constantly confirming and supporting one another, in their major conclusions. It is only as interpreted by narrow and dogmatic minds, only when confined to some limited theology or special theory—that they can be made to appear to conflict.

We are creating our own experience. We are the product of our own tradition. Very well. Then let us create that experience as intelligently as we can. Let us start the circle of suggestion moving in reverse order,

and repeat and perpetuate such ideas, establish such customs and traditions, as will make better creatures and a finer and happier civilization.

The science of anthropology has blazed the way for us to investigate and compare these institutions that we have been automatically and unreflectingly passing on. Not necessarily with the idea of tearing down what we have, any more than of blindly accepting; but of studying patiently and impartially to find out what is worthy of acceptance and perpetuation. Not with the purpose of proving my civilization and my culture "right" and all others "wrong"; but with the purpose of scrutinizing the experiments of different sections of the race under various conditions, to see what has been the outcome of following this dominant idea, that special exaggeration; and in the light of these illuminating experiments, and this wealth of experience of all the human family, to choose more discriminatingly our individual or group path.

In China, for example, we have a civilization built round the dominating idea of the family system—the effacing of the individual before the claims of the clan. A civilization developed according to the spartan ideal of strictest self-discipline, and morality for its own sake—do your duty, serve your ancestors, and do not inquire or speculate. To-day the young Chinese are criticizing some of the results of that culture, and its over-conservatism. They see grave flaws, which they are intent on removing. But they are by no means ready to throw over the fine aspects

of that culture for a hybrid and wholesale Westernization.

In India, we have a civilization built upon the ideal that life is primarily a spiritual, not a biological, experience. A civilization that has endured for five thousand years, that whatever its faults, still has had the tenacity to keep the cart and the horse (spiritual values and material instruments) in their logical sequence; and toward whose general philosophy the Western world is, ironically, turning, just as India's own modern sons are saying, out of their disillusion, "it doesn't work!"

China built round learning and the family. India round spiritual experience and realization. France round beauty and artistic perfection. England round the code—and responsibility—of the class. America round individual opportunity—a better chance for every child, a more abundant life for everybody. Here they all are—we could follow along through every country round the globe, and ask: can we afford to lose the fineness, the special gift and rich contribution of the experience of any one of them?

People of every nation to-day—dissatisfied, probing—are asking what will be the civilization of the future. I believe that it will be a universal civilization, incorporating the best from each—and the best for all. I believe this not as a vague "sometime" ideal, built of my own desire, but as an imminent fact, built upon the incidents of my immediate experience. When I sit at a committee table in Geneva, next to Dr. Cheng, a Confucianist senator; on the other side, Dr. Tomoeda, a Shinto

professor from Tokio; farther down, Dr. Chatterji and Dr. Datta, two Hindus; across the way Dr. Forell of Sweden; Dr. Hauer of Germany; Henry Atkinson of New York; Yusuf Ali of Lahore; and hear their eager planning and discussing, not for China or India or America, but *for us all* (that we all, round the world, may be free of war, and of economic burdens and social complexes, and have a better life and a happier understanding)—I know that there before me I see the civilization of the future, already in operation, a going concern. For this is not a forced and formal commission appointed by politicians, to make the shrewdest deal possible, each for his special "interests"; but a voluntary grouping of kindred people, come together because they want to, because their hearts and minds and interests are already consciously one.

Not two or three, but scores of such committees and voluntary groups are meeting together to-day. All summer long, in every big city of the world, these international foundations, conferences, alliances, and best of all the young people's international student groups by hundreds of thousands, are spending friendly and thoughtful days or weeks together, talking over mutual problems. Through common pain, and common terror (of universal destruction), has come the realization of a common life and a common destiny. And when the hearts of people have

come together in these strong shared sentiments—such as the hatred of war, the determination for peace, and a better state of things generally—it is only a matter of time until the outer institutions shall follow the imperious urge of public feeling.

As Dr. Benedict says, and as I know out of my experience in the life of many different countries, geographical is giving way to spiritual grouping. There are still plenty of stand-pat nationalists in every country. There are in every country groups of men bound together by a common greed, a common desire to be on top, to have personal or national wealth and ascendancy, at no matter what cost to anybody. These, very naturally, believe and preach the gospel of power, and the survival of the strongest; and that it will be "a long, long time" before the weaker are "fit" to rule, or to speak for themselves.

Others there are, from out every nation, to whom love of comrades and responsibility toward the weak, the desire to help instead of to dominate, to work for more life, knowledge, and happiness for all—is the ruling motive of existence. These kindred spirits will form your "tribes" and countries of the future. But must not the day come, eventually, when the most reluctant separatist will have realized that that way lies destruction—when at last the peoples of the earth shall be one family, with the world as their home.

MORE THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR

The Story of Vallonges Tapestries as Told by the Antique Dealer

EMERSON TAYLOR

HALF-WAY up the Rue Cherche Midi, they spied a weathered, white-and-black sign: L. Billot, Antiquités et Meubles.

"There it is! Let's cross over."

But his bride laid her hand on Carter's arm. "Oh, no, Chris! Heavens!" And she walked along briskly without so much as a glance in L. Billot's direction.

"What's the idea?" Carter was hot; his feet ached. He could not keep his thoughts from the glorious letter burning in his pocket, which he had not had time that morning to show to Hope.

"You must never go straight to an antique dealer's," she admonished. "The creature would simply be lying in wait."

"The life of a shopper!"

"It is rather intricate," Hope agreed contentedly. "You win your tricks in such funny ways. Unexpected." She sketched an enchanting little gesture, airily, with a smile for her faithfully plodding husband. "Men lack the strength for it."

"What happens next?"

"We go up the street, cross to Billot's side, come back, and pop in before he can size us up through the window." She turned lovely eyes on her husband in passionate appeal. "Promise not to buy a thing at the price he asks, Chris."

"I understood," he chuckled, "that we weren't buying anything at any price this morning."

At which his bride tilted her chin disdainfully. "Do you ever keep good resolutions in Paris?"

"Never. Tell me again what we're going to see."

"Two panels of Aubusson tapestry. The ones De Bessigny spoke about last night at dinner. But we ask for Breton milk-cans. May I do the talking?"

"You bet." He was scouting for a chance to cross the roaring street. "This is your show. I don't begin till it's time to order luncheon. Now—!" And they plunged through an apparent gap in the traffic, which was instantly filled by a truck, two speeding taxis, a postal van and a push-cart, all dashing full tilt in different directions.

"And he's the most interesting old rogue this side of the Seine," said Hope. One would have thought her strolling in a rose-garden. "Indifference!" she was whispering a moment later. And she paused, to appraise with a bored and careless glance the litter of trinkets Billot displayed in his dusty window.

"Doesn't look like a place where you'd find a thing worth while," observed Carter after an interval.

"Keep it up. Hope he hears you,"

he heard his wife approve. "Oh, well, we may as well go in. It'll pass the time till luncheon."

A harsh bell jangled just over their heads. Within the shop reigned a most discouraging gloom. The glass of the door being hung with faded lithographs, the window cluttered with a thousand trumpery curiosities, what daylight did succeed in dodging through, was thinned and pale. A low, broad table filled the center of the room, heaped with dog's-eared prints and etchings escaped from two sprawling portfolios. To the left stood a show-case, with a meager display of yellowed lace. There hung on the air a smell of dust, of mice, of fruit.

Of Billot there was not a sign. Carter felt like a guest at a funeral who has arrived too early.

"How about it?" He had promised Hope a morning of shopping on the Left Bank, but he did so want a chance to tell her about that letter! Such a marvelous opening for a junior like himself! The company wished to make him district manager for New England, beginning September first. He had taken his bride abroad to stay till November; but, good heavens, a man couldn't pass up an opportunity like this one! "What d'you say we—?"

But Hope, for answer, turned her bright head a trifle toward a door in a corner and nodded.

"He's watching us," she murmured ecstatically. "Can't you feel it? Isn't it thrilling? Why, here's one of the plates from 'Le Bon Genre,'" she added aloud. "But they're not the least bit rare."



There was a little movement behind them, less emphatic than a drift

of air. A man entered from the door at the rear, which he softly closed. He wore the expression of one contented with the progress of a project which is infamous and risky yet satisfying.

"Monsieur Billot?" cooed Hope.

The man bowed. He glanced from the girl to her husband in swift appraisal. His visitors being obviously American, he naturally addressed himself to the lady, since the man would be merely a treasurer. Miserable looking devil, thought Carter. Poverty lay on him like a blight. He had a yellow skin stretched too tightly; his eyes were two drops of ink. From his thin, stooped shoulders hung a filthy smock.

"What may I show madame?"

"We noticed some china in the window," Hope replied, apparently forgetting her intention to ask for Breton milk-cans. "Have you any peacock Delft?"

"But yes," Billot assured her.

She smiled like an angel. "Didn't you mean to say," she suggested, "that you'll show us magnificent specimens, if we'll return this afternoon?"

The dealer matched her for placid sweetness.

"Madame will pardon me, but I think it fatal to send a client away with promises only. They are seduced by other dealers, or forget to return. I wish to sell you something immediately."

"That's business," approved Carter.

"I have been dealing in antiques for many years," said Billot.

"We've heard of you *so* often!" Hope flattered. "And—the Delft?"

"Delft?"

"The peacock pattern." It was as though Hope desired Dutch china more than anything on earth.

"But Delft is for the kitchen, madame. I cannot believe you are interested in cottage-ware. You, a collector." He reached down from a shelf in the shadows a little piece of eighteenth century porcelain—lovely, yet sad in its elegant frivolity. He set it on the table, stepped back a pace. "Ah! Now—that! Here is a piece you would take pleasure to own."

"It doesn't interest me a bit," Hope riposted. Her words fell like wooden blocks, dull and lifeless. Carter chuckled again, silently, at Billot's evident chagrin at losing the first round.

"Madame," he declared, returning to the battle, "you cannot duplicate this piece in Paris. I assure you of its authenticity. There is no duty on an old piece like this. I would offer it only to a genuine collector."

"Ah, monsieur—these hallowed phrases!"

That look of cool amusement on her face! Billot didn't have half a chance, poor devil, thought Carter. But it was queer somehow that a girl could get a kick out of matching wits with a dingy old bird like this.

"If madame will but regard it!" Billot waited an instant. "No? It is a pity. But of course a work of art like this is never appreciated by tourists." And he picked up the figurine almost roughly.

"You needn't put it away," said Hope quietly. "How much is it?"

"Twelve hundred francs."

"Oh, monsieur! For a reproduction?"

"An original, madame. I guarantee—"

She shrugged admirably. "They use the old molds," she informed her husband callously. "But it is rather decorative. I might consider paying four hundred, monsieur, but—"

"Madame jests," reproved Billot icily.

"On the contrary. Four hundred francs is all it's worth."

"You *are* Americans?" the antiquary inquired, after a dramatic pause.

"Oh, yes."

"To a British lady, I would refuse entirely. But to you, an American—"

"*Allons!*" invited Hope.

"Sacrifice!" Billot sighed. With a hissing intake of his breath, he nerved himself to a supreme effort. Picking up the bit of china with a flourish, he offered it with a bow. "She is yours!" he cried.

But Hope waved it away.

"What?"

"Of course not!" she cried, with a contented little purr of laughter. "That was only a game, monsieur. You asked a frightful price, because you thought we were American tourists. I beat you down, because—because we've heard that you're one of the most experienced antique dealers in Paris. And I won. *Sans rancune*—eh? But really you mustn't expect me to buy rubbish."

She was radiant. Too bad they would have to cut Paris short, thought Carter.

Billot examined the floor, a spot on his smock, the palm of his hand after he had rubbed the spot.

"Monsieur," he said to Carter ruefully, "I permit myself to congratulate madame on her proficiency. She knows how to buy."

"Some shopper!" grinned the bridegroom. But somehow he was glad that the little scene was played out. Bargaining. It was all right, if Hope got some fun out of it. But after all, it takes two to play any game. Billot had changed color.

"And now," said Hope cordially, with the kindness of a generous victor, "now that we understand one another—"

The dealer looked up. He had the queerest expression imaginable in his eyes—as if he had been mortally injured in his pride. The look smudged his pasty face like a storm-cloud, only to be succeeded, so quickly that Carter could no more than sense his odd malevolence, with the sunny radiance of a Santa Claus.

"Ah," he warned with an appearance of good-nature, shaking his bald head, "madame must not flatter herself on a victory won in play. The wiles of a curio dealer are as many as his customers, alas, are few."

"That's all right," interrupted Carter. He disobeyed orders. He was tired, bored most intolerably. "Look! A friend of ours told us you had a pair of old tapestries."

"I have no tapestries," declared Billot shortly.

"Then we'll be getting along."

Hope looked at him, unbelieving. She turned to Billot.

"I permit myself to tell monsieur," she softly fluted, "that the tapestries hang on the left-hand wall of the room behind this. Or they did, yesterday afternoon. Come. Shall we look at them?"

"I—I am routed," groaned Billot, flinging up his arms. "Against madame I have no defense. Tapes-

tries? Yes. If monsieur-madame will follow me, I will show something of interest indeed. To madame—who is young and a bride," he hazarded hardily. And without waiting for their assent, he twisted his way to the little door in the rear.

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"You—you were awful, Chris." Hope reproved, as they moved away. "Actually, you told an antique dealer what you wanted to buy. And—I love you," she whispered.

"Look out you don't get him too mad."

"Nonsense." She laughed aloud—American and confident, very handsome and young.

"But he *is* mad—don't you see? Because you got the best of him."

"What a crazy idea!"

"All right. But look out he doesn't put something over."

The room in the rear had been arranged at some time for showing pictures, to judge from its coloring and from the disposition of the lights which Billot switched on as they entered. To the right hung half a dozen faded canvases by fourth-rate men of a previous generation. Across the opposite wall was stretched a curtain of faded green material, closely hiding whatever was behind it. A couple of doubtful armchairs stood in the middle of the room; in a far corner was propped the ruin of what once had been a very elegant Empire console.

"If monsieur-madame will be seated," invited Billot, pulling about the chairs, once more the attentive shopman, "I will show all that is most beautiful."

"But—this is simply fierce," grumbled Carter, as Billot fussed

endlessly with the tangled cords of the curtain. "I—I know I promised, but—when do we eat, Hope? Honestly."

"Just a minute longer," she pleaded. Ah, but she was irresistible, this bride of his! "Truly, I won't stay long."

The curtain slid back on its rusty wires.

"Lord!" exclaimed Carter. "I take it all back."

Hope nudged him.

Exquisitely softened by age, but glowing with color, of a design which, while rich and intricate, had still a monumental breadth and sweep, the gorgeous weave astonished him. What was unusual, the figures in the woven pictures were curiously interesting in themselves. The designer had not chosen, like most of his guild, to record an event in the life of a legendary hero, or the doings of noble patrons decked out as gods. The first panel showed a little medieval lady seated under an apple-tree, in conversation with a ragged suppliant. In the second, the same little heroine, with a serving-maid at hand, watched from her window a column of knights and men-at-arms. A recurring motive in the design of the graceful border was a coat of arms, born on a lozenge, surmounted by a ducal coronet.

"The pictures," began Billot in the drone of the professional guide, "represent the Duchess of Vallonges. She entered the Benedictine order and died a nun. The tapestries were designed and executed by order of the lady's grandnephew, Arnould Sieur de Leysterie. Late sixteenth century."

"But what are the pictures about?" asked Carter.

"Chris!" Hope remonstrated. "Look at the color, dear—the line—the masses."

"I'm looking at the girl," returned her husband jovially. "Heroine of romance. How about it, Billot?"

"The design of the tapestries commemorates an incident in the life of the Duchess," resumed the dealer in his guide-book manner. Did his black eyes rest on Hope for a second? Measuring. Planning. "The panels were made for the adornment of the château at Vallonges-sur-Somme, destroyed during the war. They were saved by the caretaker, when it was necessary to evacuate the château in August, nineteen fourteen. They came into my possession directly from the estate of Monsieur the late Vicomte de Leysterie, captain of artillery, killed in action."

A silence came down. Carter shuffled his feet, shifted his position in the too narrow arm-chair. Lord, for the chance to *do* something!

"How much?" he asked roundly.

If Billot was surprised at the promptness of the question, he instantly recovered.

"Fifty thousand francs."

"I think they're great."

"Examine them closely," urged Billot, with a wave of the hand. "Monsieur-madame will excuse me an instant? I seem to hear a possible customer in the shop." And with a shopman's bow, he swiftly turned and disappeared.

"Queer card," commented Carter, when he and Hope were alone.

"Marvelous old robber, isn't he!"

"Did I behave all right? I just had to exclaim about those things."

"You're a lamb," said Hope.

She drew her fingers across her husband's cheek, as she moved forward to take a closer view of the panels. Bewitched, he followed at her heels. The room was very still. Even as she examined the beautiful weave, she had, as it were unconsciously, leaned close to him. Even as she held the edge of the panel in her hand, head bent low to test the weave and color, her shoulder was laid back against his own. The fluid curve of her pretty side just touched him, was withdrawn, was softly replaced. Through her flimsy summer frock, he could feel the stir and life of her.

"You darling!" whispered Hope's lover.

She glanced round the point of his shoulder, leaning back her head.

"He's gone."

"Sure?"

"Of course."

"Love me!" she whispered, nibbling his ear.

Ah, this bride of his! Thrilling, he watched her as she returned to her study. He stood just behind her, a little to one side. All his—such beauty, such spirit and charm. Again, as every day, the thought swept over the man how priceless love was to both of them. He never could do enough for the girl who loved him so. Too bad, that offer coming when it did; but, confound it, a man can't spend all his time—

"Like them?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, Chris, they're gorgeous." She let the tapestry fall into its place almost reverently. "But it's an awful price. We never could afford—"

"I'm asking—do you like 'em?"

"Of course. I'm mad about them."

And at that instant Billot crept silently into the room.

Carter nodded to him decisively.

"I'll take them," he said without any preamble. "Present for my wife."

"Chris!" Delight submerged her face like a rosy, sunny wave. Then came a veil of cloud, swiftly. "I'd adore them, but—"

"Well?"

"Fifty thousand francs for those?" She shook her bright head. "Truly, my dear, I'm not entirely crazy."

He was disappointed; a little of the fine edge of his pleasure was dulled. More bargaining. But if Hope wanted it that way, all right.

"It's a lot of money," he acknowledged.

"Ah, but in dollars—nothing!" put in Billot. "And to you Americans—?" He blew the amount off his palm like a pinch of thistledown.

"Too much," said Hope.

"Don't you know," asked Carter, "that it simply enrages an American to have you people assume we've got all the money in the world?"

Billot shrugged. "It is known you have most of it, monsieur."

"Well, it doesn't follow we adore spending it," rapped out Hope severely.

"Yet—here you are in Paris. And newly married."

"How'd you guess it?"

At which the three laughed together comfortably.

"All the same, monsieur," smiled Hope, "fifty thousand francs is out of the question."

"May I ask what monsieur is willing to pay?"

Carter waved his hand. "Talk to madame."

Hope sought his eyes. "Do you think—?"

He laughed comfortably. "You're attending to this little deal."

"Twenty thousand then. For the pair."

"Madame!" gasped Billot. "Pardon me, but you cannot mean—"

"Exactly."

"But—but I must secure what the goods are worth," cried the dealer. "You, monsieur, as a man of affairs—"

"You won't get a centime more, not if my wife's doing the buying," said Carter pleasantly.

There was a short silence.

"Very well then—take them!" Billot cried in apparent desperation. "Twenty thousand—anything. I give them to you." Checking the flow of his lamentations, he regarded Hope with another of his queer, half-threatening looks. "Are you never afraid at all, madame?"

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of the cost of such bargains."

"Not a bit." She laughed. "That is, I've never been badly stuck."

"Sometimes," he suggested, "you get more for your money than you think."

"Really?" She laughed again.

"Sometimes," said Billot.

They went through the usual formalities about shipment, payment, delivery, insurance. Carter looked up with a humorous cock of his handsome head.

"There's one thing we haven't attended to. Remember?" he asked Billot. "You haven't answered my first question, monsieur."

"No—?"

"My wife thinks I'm old-fashioned

wanting to know what a picture represents, but—"

"Sometimes the subject gives an added value," said the dealer sentimentously.

"Tell us what those are about—what they mean."

"Yes, do," cried Hope generously. "I'd love to hear the story. It'll make the pictures seem more—"

"More like scenes of real life—eh?"

"Maybe," suggested Carter with a wink, as Billot hesitated, "the story's not suitable for young persons."

"There you go! Don't you think I'm old enough to—"

"Old nothing!" Lovingly, he gathered her close, as she perched on the arm of his chair. "Go ahead, Billot. Shoot."

"One instant." He shambled across the room, jerked open the drawer of the console, returned with some sheets of closely written manuscript. "A legend," he announced with a curious relish. "To accompany the pictures of the little Duchess. A story in the antique manner." He made Hope a bow. "For you, madame."

"Who wrote it?" inquired Carter.

"One who knew life," returned the antiquary with another of his smiles. "An English author who, like you, saw the Vallonges tapestries, and—was interested."

"It's awfully good of you," said Hope appreciatively.

"Oh," smiled Billot, "I read to you with pleasure."

Standing just before the tapestries, where the light from the reflectors shone down on his yellow baldness,

he started his task. As he scanned the lines, his head shuttled from side to side endlessly. His nasal singsong was utterly without expression.

“In the time of King Louis,” droned Billot, “there lived a noble lady, widow of the Lord of Vallonges who fell in the war against Burgundy. When her lord was slain, her seventeenth year was just in bud, and her hair was the color of midnight in winter, her bosom softer than white roses, her figure as slim as the new moon at evening. And at heart was she still a maid, God wot, for the Lord of Vallonges departed for the wars the day after his marriage. Thereafter did many sue for the lady’s hand, but to all, with gracious words which did salve the hurt, she gave courteous refusal. And she abode in her tower, and did exercise an excellent rule over her fat fields and villages, and daily like a good Christian she heard Mass, and daily was she to be seen on a mettlesome barb, now visiting the poor and needy, now following the deer. And wisely, sitting in her great hall, or after the manner of King Pausolus of blessed memory seated beneath a tree, did the Lady of Vallonges adjudge the cause of the wretched, the oppressed, and the deceived. And did her steward advise that thus and thus the law did read, were the law contrary to what the noble lady divined as best for all, then the worse for the law. Unto the noble lady, sitting thus in judgment of an afternoon of tender June beneath a flowering apple-tree, there was haled one caught red-handed stealing grain from the lady’s granary, and his offense was the greater for the reason that the oats which the wretch pur-

loined were intended for the pleasure of the lady’s favorite palfrey. Wherefore the lady’s steward did plead that the wretch be hanged incontinent. Upon which the lady appeared to fall into deep meditation, steadfastly regarding the kneeling prisoner, and then did she require of her attendance and of the guards that they should absent themselves till she should call. And alone with the prisoner, she did require his name, and he told it to her, and she further inquired, in a voice which was softer than the south wind in the blossoms and warmer than the sunshine, the reason wherefore he had done this heinous crime. And the wretch, lifting his eyes to hers, did say that only by such means could he have won the honor and glory of looking on the Lady of Vallonges and of hearing her speak. And the lady doubted if this were the truth. But he swore it was the truth. Now the wretch was a stripling, in years not three more than her own, and exceedingly comely, and he bore himself right gallantly and gently notwithstanding he was ragged. And the lady arose from her seat of judgment, and pronounced that the stripling should be kept in duress pending her decision. And he was led away. And that night, by what means this chronicler knows not, he was conducted from his prison and made to deck himself in samite, silk, and miniver, and thence, being blindfolded, was he led to a place which he was informed was his place of execution. And he said now God receive my soul a sinner who dieth happy having spoken with the lady, and he waited with courage for the noose. And the bandage was lifted.

And he perceived that he was alone with her whom he had trodden many weary leagues to worship. And she was seated in a high and cushioned chair. Her vesture was azure and argent, and her hair lay on her shoulders. And he made obeisance. And she laid her hand in his. And with no word said, stooping, she laid her lips to his. And there was no sound in the room, nor any light save from a single candle. And their love was in truth a first and flawless love, for their hearts did yearn to one another, and they were very young. And the stripling swore that now his life was perfected. And she asked did love truly fill a young man's heart enough and forever, and he swore that this was true. And every night they learned a new chapter in the book of love. And so did the summer pass. And with autumn came sounds of war, and the lords prepared for war. And the lady, looking from her window, said this is not for us. And the stripling watched from her side the passing of the marshaled knights in bravery of war, the archers and the pikemen. And she said this is not for you, since love for you is everything. And all that day the heralds blew their trumpets in the marketplace, summoning all men of strength and courage to the great king's war. And on that night when she was warm for love and longed to give of her love like wine and gold, the youth came not to her. And with the

dawn the lady looked again from her high window at the passing horse and foot, and she espied a rider young and gay who rode with his helm at the saddle-bow. And though sweet love called him to remain, yet did the stripling smile in answer to the clamor of the trumpets. And he rode away. And to the tirewoman asking what colors would the lady wear that day, wearily the lady answered black, black, black."

"Humph!" Carter glanced at his bride. "What's the point of the story?"

The antiquary spread his hands.

"Those who buy from Billot often obtain more than they reckon."

They were standing outside the dingy shop once more, in the refreshing sunshine.

"Well, where do we go from here?" inquired Carter cheerfully. By golly, if Hope wanted to, he'd stand for some more shopping. It was great, giving her the kind of fun she liked—as long as they could stay in Paris.

But Hope was looking down the Rue Cherche Midi. At nothing.

"I don't care," she answered absently. "Listen, Chris," she said. "You'd never—"

"What's the matter?" he asked his bride tenderly. "Tired, honey?"

"I guess I must be," said Hope.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Billot at the bride from behind his dusty window.

FEMINISM AND THE NEW TECHNIQUE

Strike for the High Places

IDA CLYDE CLARKE

A SURVEY of the recent activities of women throughout the world compels to the conviction that feminism has taken a sudden and definite new trend. This trend is indicated by a rapidly developing international-mindedness, and the use of a new technique.

To understand the new feminism one must consider the new feminist. She is not the impassioned reformer of three generations ago whose life and works were dedicated to one all-absorbing "cause." The typical new feminist, the 1929 model, is a well rounded, perfectly balanced, thoroughly informed and highly intelligent person. She manages her home, holds her job, and so on, in the normal way. She is, in principle, a forthright feminist, because she is convinced that the tempo of human progress will be speeded up when women share equally with men the privileges and the responsibilities of civic, social and political life. The average 1929 feminist is one hundred per cent feminine. (Even the modern militant uses the feminine technique.) And she is young, not young as men apply the term to women, but well under the age when men consider men to be "in their prime." For example, Alice Paul is thirty years younger than Andrew Mellon.

The modern feminist does not assert her equality with men, she assumes it, and proceeds accordingly. With more wit than logic, Lady Astor said recently, "We are not talking about superiority—we've had that all the time. What we're talking about is equality." Playful as the remark was, it is suggestive of the new feminine psychology. The old feminine inferiority complex that Dr. Anna Howard Shaw used to talk so much about, is rapidly disappearing. The new feminist is perfectly sure of herself.

Though the militants we still have with us, the majority of women believe that the time for militancy—if, indeed, there ever was a time for it, as the conservatives still doubt—has passed; and that further advancement in the position of women must be achieved, not through emotional appeal, but through the application of cold reason and common sense. Feminists of "the forties" wailed, "See how downtrodden we are!" Feminists of to-day exhibit bright good humor—not self-pity, and they say to the men, "You are very clever, but after all you are men and not gods. You need us and we will help you." It is undoubtedly true that the almost spectacular progress that women have made during the past

few years has been very largely due to the sanity and the calmness, and the cool, unanswerable logic with which they have presented their case—and in some degree to their good-natured but persistent assumption of equality.

There are two tenets in modern feminist philosophy. The first is that woman is not a "human second," that hers is not an "auxiliary sex," nor is woman in any way congenitally inferior to man. The second is that there is no subject or issue that can conceivably come within the scope of national and international deliberation that is not equally the concern of women and men, and that national and international councils that do not include women on an equal footing with men are not truly representative of groups or nations. In these two tenets are found the sum and substance of the new feminism. The first is a familiar one, but in the second may be found the key to the new feminine technique. "Begin at the top—strike for the high places and the lower ones will take care of themselves."

Women consider that the first of these statements has been so conclusively proved and is so definitely registered in the consciousness of both men and women, that it is not debatable. But leading women's organizations in almost every country of the civilized world are concentrating their forces in an effort to establish permanently the second article of their confession of faith, and to inspire women everywhere to use the new technique.

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The newer philosophy of feminism has also taught women that woman's

place is no more in the home than man's place is in his office, when the business of humanity is being attended to by national and international bodies. Men have always found it expedient and convenient to leave their business in the interest of their business, and women are finding that they can leave their homes in perfect safety when their presence elsewhere is necessary in the interest of their homes. This is one of the most important lessons women have learned during the past decade. And because they have learned it we find, by a study of the programs of various organizations, that women's range of interest is now as wide as that of men, the chief difference being one of emphasis. Women have underscored as major some of the problems that men have considered as minor. Problems of equal moral standard, the unmarried mother and the nameless child, system of family endowments, legal position of married women, employment of women in police departments, equal opportunities in the professions, in industry, in public service—these are the planks in the platforms of women's organizations throughout the world. The culture club flourishes still, but discussions of international relations are more popular than papers on the minor poets of the eighteenth century. And so, the idle, middle-aged spinster, of independent means, nursing a pet cause—as the man-drawn cartoons used to present the female reformer—is as much out of style as the fashions in "Godey's Lady's Book."

It would be futile to theorize as to the various causes that have contributed to this unmistakable widening

of women's horizon. The souls of women were profoundly stirred by the ghastly tragedy of the World War, as were the souls of men. But what men learned from fighting together on the battle-field was very different from what women learned from praying and suffering and working in a common cause, in their homes, and their communities. War, no matter how noble the cause in which men fight, engenders bitterness, and war can never do less than strengthen whatever brutal physical instincts fighting men may have. But the women of the world were unified and exalted through spiritual suffering of a common sort. Back in the bereft and lonely homes of the world—in cabins and palaces alike—women fought their silent battles of the spirit, day by day and night by night. And they emerged from the ordeal with all of their deeper human impulses strengthened. Man's revolt from war, as expressed in the patient and persistent efforts of present day statesmen to find a substitute for war, is a mental revolt. Man has seen the stupidity, the futility and the human and economic wastefulness of the war system. Woman's impulses toward peace may be more emotional, but they are based on humanitarianism. Men attack the problems of war as they attack the problems of peace, from a standpoint of economics; while women lay the emphasis on humanics. Men think in terms of armies, while to women every soldier is some mother's son.

Since economics and humanics are inseparable and interactive, how necessary it is that men and women, representing the two natural divisions of the human race, should pool

their resources of mind and spirit and work together for the common good. At any rate, this is the viewpoint of post-war feminists. And, holding this view, women decided that the place to make a real beginning was at Geneva.

It was in 1919 that organized women served their first and official notice to organized men that woman was now ready to enter into full partnership with man in the conduct of the world's business.

At the invitation of the International Suffrage Alliance the women of the Allied Nations had met in Paris to see that in the peace negotiations the interests of women should not be overlooked. The original draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations had been drawn up at Paris, and no mention of women was included. A joint deputation of these Allied Women waited on the Commission, presided over by President Wilson, with the result that the following clause was inserted in the Covenant: "All positions under and in connection with the League, including the Secretariat, shall be open equally to men and women."

That single clause marked the definite beginning of a new era in the history of the women movement. It was women's great charter in the League. That simple sentence gave women courage and hope and they made plans to take immediate advantage of the new opportunity—an opportunity never before accorded to women in the history of the modern world.

While modern militants complain of the scant recognition thus far accorded to women in the League of

Nations, many women of deep insight and calm judgment feel that progress, if slow, has been definite and sound. During a single decade a tradition of the centuries has been wholly upset, and women are almost ready to give and men are almost ready to receive whatever contribution women can make toward world peace and human progress.

The militants look at the hole in the doughnut. They say: "While women may enter freely as stenographers and the lower clerical grades, binding themselves for a seven years' term, one finds men entering all branches in assistant and junior administrative positions, an avenue leading to high and responsible promotion in both national and international politics. With this initial barring of the entrance it is natural that very few women have reached the top in the higher ranks.

"A few there are who have arrived so far, but most of those who are higher up have been appointed, often only temporarily, to represent their nation on some one particular occasion. The Assembly itself, up to 1926, had no woman delegate; there have been a few substitute delegates, a few technical advisers.

"Since the League's division into committees, six in number, the first committee has had one woman; the second has had two women; the third, none; the fourth, none; the fifth, the Humanitarian Committee, which deals with the traffic in women and children, child welfare and kindred subjects has had four women; the sixth, none."

On the other hand the only way properly to evaluate these facts—dark as they appear—is to put them

in their proper setting and relationship. In the first place the new idea had to be "sold" to the various nations comprising the League before any definite results could be hoped for. And, had the new idea of women representatives in the League been immediately applauded all over the world—and it was not—it would hardly have been expedient or wise to rush large numbers of women in where angels—and even men—feared to tread. What the sagacious women leaders did was to decide on the place in which a woman could really do the most good—not for the cause of women, but for the cause of humanity. And the next was to find the best woman for that difficult place. The place selected was the Social Section of the League, which deals with various social and moral questions, such as the suppression of the traffic in women and children, the suppression of the opium traffic, and the assistance of deported women. The woman selected was Dame Rachel Crowdy, of England, who was first made a member of the Health Section and was later put in charge of the all important Social Section. As a direct result of Dame Rachel's splendid work, the League of Nations now counts among its greatest tasks the suppression of the traffic in women. In the sphere of equal morals, the evil system of the regulation of vice is nearly everywhere discredited and is rapidly disappearing; and many of the heretofore neglected questions that organized women consider vital ones are receiving attention.

In order to judge the size of the hole it is necessary to consider the doughnut itself. As a matter of fact

seven countries—Great Britain, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Rumania—have included women either as substitute delegates or technical advisers in their League delegations, and nine women are members of the Ninth Assembly. Dr. Kristine Bonnevie, of Norway, and Madame Curie, both noted scientists, sit as the only women members of the Commission on Intellectual Coöperation. In the field of economics Frau Emmy Freundlich, who has been a member of the Social-Democrat party in the Austrian Parliament since 1920, is a notable figure, though there is discontent over the fact that she is the only woman on a commission of fifty-six members, and formal protest has been made. Froken Henni Forchhammer, of Denmark, has acted as technical adviser to the Danish Delegation in the Assembly since 1920, and since 1925 she has been a substitute delegate. These and other women of great capacity who are holding responsible positions in the League are doing much to advance the cause of women and to demonstrate their ability to serve in high places; and if the positions they hold are not yet of the highest, they certainly stand on stones by which they may step to higher things.



Since that memorable day in Paris ten years ago when the Allied Women presented their protest to President Wilson, women have been increasingly interested in international affairs. In January of this year the Fourth Conference on the Cause and Cure of War was held in Washington. "At our first conference," said Mrs. Catt, the moving spirit in this effort

on behalf of world peace, "there were many emotional appeals from the floor, much pouring forth of noble sentiments, pious hopes, fervent dismays over the futility of war. This year not a single speech of that kind was made. The delegates have gotten away from the field of superficial impressions. They realize now that they must know the facts before their views can carry weight." At the 1928 Conference addresses were made by the Secretary of War, and representatives of the State and Navy Departments, and certainly this was an innovation in women's peace meetings.

As early as 1922 women made their first move toward Pan-Americanism. Simultaneously with the meeting of the National League of Women Voters held that year in Baltimore, a "Pan-American Conference of Women" was called. This conference had a distinctly feminine flavor, as the social functions received wide publicity; but various round-table discussions were held, between "parties." Some time later Mrs. Catt made a tour of South America for the purpose of studying the status of women and interesting them in the new organization. Three years after the Baltimore meeting, a second "Pan-American Conference of Women" met in Washington at the call of Mrs. Catt. From this meeting emerged the "Inter-American Union of Women," whose purposes are high and noble even though no practical plan was suggested for carrying them out.

But in Havana in July, 1928, steps of far-reaching significance were taken by the militants, marching under the banner of the National

Woman's Party. At the Fifth Conference of the Inter-American States, held in 1923 there was placed on the agenda for 1928 "the civil and political rights of women," but as the time for the meeting approached, feminists decided that the item was mere "eye-wash" and that it was unlikely that it would even be mentioned in the proceedings. Thereupon Doris Stevens, a brilliant and effective militant of the third generation, accompanied by Mrs. Jane Norman Smith, President of the National Woman's Party, sailed for Havana. Other first-rate feminists came to the assistance of the North Americans, and "for the first time in history" they presented an "Equal Rights Treaty," which, they say, "will be presented at all international gatherings of official standing and at other suitable international meetings, of whomsoever composed, wherever assembled." The effective clause runs as follows:

"The contracting states agree that upon the ratification of this Treaty, men and women shall have Equal Rights throughout the territory subject to their respective jurisdiction."

Although the Conference of Inter-American States rejected the Treaty, it did appoint an Inter-American Commission of Women, charged with the task of studying existing laws as they peculiarly affect women in the twenty-one republics of the Pan-American Union, and to report to and recommend to the 1933 Conference how equal rights for men and women of the twenty-two republics concerned may best be obtained. This was indeed a step forward. Doris Stevens was made chairman of the Commission, which

has opened headquarters at Washington.

Women voters of the United States joined with women of Great Britain, France, Germany and other foreign countries in a world-wide campaign for the adoption of "Senator Kellogg's Plan for the renunciation of war." Miss Ruth Morgan, of New York City, Vice-President of the National League of Women Voters and prominent in many peace movements, went to England last July and conferred there with Mrs. Corbett Ashby, President of the International Association for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, and various women from other countries. The result of these conferences was a strong resolution passed at a mass-meeting in which the support of the plan was strongly urged upon the governments of all countries.

Meanwhile the signatories of the Kellogg Pact were meeting at Paris, at M. Doumergue's summer château at Rambouillet, and no sooner had they arrived there than Doris Stevens and her group of militants put in an appearance also. In England they had been reinforced by Lady Rhondda and other forceful and well-known women. They asked Mr. Kellogg and M. Briand for a ten-minute hearing in which to present their "Equal Rights Treaty." But as the women themselves expressed it, "Unfortunately neither Mr. Kellogg nor M. Briand showed sufficient understanding to appreciate the opportunity, which they refused with scant courtesy."

Then the women fell back on the outworn Pankhurst technique. They took their stand at the gates of the

palace and stood there, "picketing," just as in the good old days Doris Stevens and the other youthful martyrs "picketed" the White House. History repeated itself. The women were arrested—"jailed for freedom" is the phrase they prefer.

"What Lady Rhondda and her colleagues attempted in Paris," to quote a well-known English feminist, "was to obtain a hearing from the women's standpoint with a view to the study of women's position in Europe in the hope of finding an international remedy for remaining injustices." To an unbiased observer the incident is interesting as showing the ineffectiveness to-day of a technique that was used with some success a decade or two ago.

The next gesture made by women toward internationalism was in the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference held in Honolulu in August, which was "the first meeting in history called to consider all questions of interest to women from an international viewpoint." This Conference was not expected to bring about any reforms or even to make any definite plans toward reforms. But it did bring together, for the first time, women experts of the Pacific countries for the interchange of ideas, and those who watched its proceedings can but believe that its influence will be immediate and widespread. There was no drum-beating or waving of flags or dramatic features of any kind. The meeting was characterized by dignity and calmness. A continuation committee was appointed to study certain matters, and another conference will be held in 1930 to take definite action.

The International Association of University Women is attacking certain problems vigorously, through international action and otherwise. It maintains club-houses in many countries which are centers of information and activity. The Association has concerned itself very definitely with the legal status of married women engaged in the professions. The Chairman of this division, Mme. Suzanne Grinberg, of Paris, recently sent a questionnaire to twenty-three national associations regarding the status of married women in their respective countries. The result revealed that marriage is an obstacle to a profession in Ireland, Italy, South Africa (to some extent), Holland and Switzerland. In Australia and Canada there is no general rule. Accounts from New Zealand are conflicting. In India the question arises only in regard to certain educated women and Jews, as well as lower class women, since Hindu women are not permitted by their customs to work.

Marriage is not an obstacle to a profession in the United States, Sweden, France, Belgium, Hungary, Bulgaria, Austria and Finland. In Norway the tendency to employ only unmarried women is established. The class most discriminated against is the teaching profession. The salary of the wife belongs to the husband only in Quebec. In Holland, the wife may reserve the right to dispose of her earnings in the marriage contract. In Belgium the wife may only use her earnings for the benefit of the household, unless she is in business.

With these facts in hand the National Associations in their respective countries are urged to work for

their natural rights, of which some members are deprived, as follows: first, the right to exercise a trained intellect usefully, without reference to family circumstances; second, the right to follow a career without marital authorization, since the career is the result of a training already known to the husband; third, the right of the wife to dispose of as she will the proceeds of her personal labor.

The well thought out and very concrete program of the University Women is typical of that of international organizations in various fields. Within ten years women have learned that through international coöperation they can eliminate an enormous waste of time, money and effort.

Of striking significance also is the decisive and expertly managed protests that have been voiced recently by women in industry. Elizabeth Abbott, Chairman of the Open Door Council in England, attended the recent International Labor Council in Geneva as representative of five women's organizations. Sweden, Denmark, Belgium and Hungary asked to be represented in her appeal to the Conference for recognition of Clause 7, Article 427, of the 13th part of the Treaty of Versailles, the principle that men and women should receive equal remuneration for work of equal value. It was urged upon the Conference, "That the Draft convention concerning minimum wage-fixing machinery should take into consideration the principle of equal pay for equal work."



It is obvious that this new technique that women are using—this determination to be heard in inter-

national councils and the internationalization of their programs of work and study—has had a quick, decisive and favorable reaction on women themselves. And this effect in itself is of priceless value to feminism, even though the actual goal—equality of representation on all national and international bodies—must be achieved by slow and sometimes discouraging stages.

Though suffrage is yet to be won in South America and in many of the smaller countries of the world, France remains the only one of the great nations that has not enfranchised its women. That fact, coupled with the unmistakable and rapid internationalizing of the feminine mind, has wrought a change in feminine psychology that is amazing to the feminists of another generation.

The subject of existing legal inequalities between men and women was discussed recently by Miss Phipps, B.A., standing counsel for the National Union of Women Teachers of England and editor of the "Woman Teacher," who summarized them as follows:

The Throne: Although there is no Salic law in Great Britain, brothers take precedence of sisters.

House of Lords: a seat in which is denied to the twenty or thirty peeresses in their own right.

Trade unions: who do all they can to keep out women printers, tailors and so on.

Smile if you will, gentle reader, but here she stands, revealed in all of her pristine prettiness, level of head, clear of vision, strong of will, and yet, none the less feminine for a' that.

I'VE BEEN READING

The Snake Pit, The Case of Sergeant Grischa, The Biology of War, Orlando, English as Experience, The New Image, The Life of Space, Seven Brothers

ZONA GALE

THERE must be a great number of readers who are silent. There must be readers, tolerant, ready for new values, who yet do not believe that all the accepted New necessarily has value. Their lack of will to receive this and that as literature, is offset by a profound and touching desire not to fall behind the times, not to be dismissed as Victorian, or even as modern Georgian; not to be discounted by the younger generation of readers; above all, not to be discounted by their own children. When, for example, "Bad Girl" or "Circus Parade" is mentioned, these readers listen, hear about "good American stuff unashamed," sometimes ask "But is all Americana literature?" and after that fall silent. There are tables at which parents of forty-five, of seasoned literary taste and of reasonably modern standards, sit turning toward their college-bred children, harassed faces, sit trying to agree, wanting to participate, smiling a little to show that they really are not outside. Here and there are accomplished but robustious readers—sometimes parents—who complain, but they often complain in terms of ethics and

not of style and so might as well have said nothing. But countless readers are keeping still.

If they spoke, might they not say something like this: "It is true that more and better literature is being written in America to-day than ever in its short literary history. We speak now not of that, but of the books accepted and praised which do not represent the finest taste of the nation. There are folk sensitive to English, to subtleties in the fitting of material, to rhythm, to balance, to scope, and infinitely sensitive to human beings. Yet when these—creative workers, faculty members, professional or business men and women of liberty and vista—when these doubt the validity of material which is being classified as Literary America coming of age, there is a clear and vital response from young and vital voices, saying, 'This material proves that Literary America is coming of age.' This slow approach of a distant maturity is evident, but when Literary America does come of age, may not its first task be to regard with enormous tolerance some of these symptoms of its early teens?"

It is true that, when you think of the hundred and twenty millions of people, these symptoms are produced by a very small group, and by a small proportion of even Literary America. And it may be true that the only contribution of these symptomatic books is to release material never before used. Perhaps the great, the imperative task of American fiction has as yet hardly been approached by such books—the task of being neither boastful nor self-conscious about their material, but of taking it for granted, using it or leaving it, and going on to stronger stuff.

For example, going on down a long road to such writing as goes into "The Snake Pit," by Sigrid Undset. Here is one who is writing quietly, using situations whose baldness and terror have been outdone by no American literary invention, even the most impudent; and who treats of all as if she were the planet itself, weaving, unrolling, producing, denying, slaying—with no time to boast of its own "daring," or to stress it, or even to confess it, but merely to include it. *Olav's* unshriven murder, his turning from *Ingunn* his wife to *Torhild*; *Ingunn's* slow wit, her own memories, her fatherless son, the pity and terror of human relationship—all are there, as the fjords are there, as the mystery of life is there. This woman accepts the universe, then takes it for granted, then writes about it. Everything that America is jubilantly discovering is there, as a matter of course. Five hundred years ago she might have discovered disillusion, might have known sophistication, might have been expected to enjoy a shudder, or to forget to

shudder—but that was long ago, and she has forgotten those exercises, and now she stretches her canvas and paints on. She is not even loath to acknowledge beauty. She can paint and neither hate nor love, and long ago she has forgotten the very newest toppling of the very oldest standards. *But now she can feel*, as the planet might feel its children, if it were an organism. Human beings, it is of us that she writes, somewhat as God might regard us. To come of age in fiction is like that.



Millions of men and women and among them a filtering flow of books, thin for all the pounding of the presses, since those who ever read the books or, reading, remember, form but a fraction of the people. And from that filtering, in a season, one extracts the six books, the twelve, which, for him, fall into the fold of those that matter. The rest, for him, are silence. In stressing those which he has chanced upon, and remembers, there is a vast impertinence toward the books he has not discovered.

But there are inevitabilities—books that are not chanced upon, but are there, like a sun. Such a one, at the moment—and, one hazards, for time to come—is "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," by Arnold Zweig. With the peace pact signed by many nations, as a great contribution in the process of forgetting physical wounds and death as a means of settling social difficulties—here comes another and unconscious contribution, in a light-hearted recounting of the way that men act under war. Not in war, but under war, as a system. A good-natured recital of the things

that men do and become, told much as one might tell about monkeys scampering, or herds of bulls after their prey, or a city of men either drugged or goaded, and still reacting to the stimuli of relationship. Here are monkeys or here are bulls, or here are drugged or goaded men—and his men and women, as Mr. Zweig handles them, are presented not more with conscious design than are bulls or monkeys. There they are, there they are! He has written of men under war with virtually no comment on their reactions, without a word about the system, without a hint of indignation or any other attitude on his own part; and yet nothing could so have shown men to themselves, to be looked over, as does "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." That Russian private, with average intelligence, average standards, average aims, escapes from a prisoners' camp, takes another's name, is caught in the machine of war, and without a moment of actual fighting, goes to his death. Charged with the crime of the dead man whose name he has taken, proved to be *Grischa* and not that man, yet he is caught in the web of the feud of two old army monarchs, and is executed. But the book is a book of civil life too, because all down his progress, *Grischa* precipitates, like a *Pippa*, like any man or woman, the destinies of those whom he touches. "War and Peace" this book might be named—but it is done by the hand of a man who, now once at least, proves himself greater than Tolstoy. For there is not a page of boredom in all *Sergeant Grischa's* story. No dull talk, no needless detail. Instead there are suspense, climax, arresting charac-

terization, tale within tale, humor, irony apparently unaware, and the permeating energy of beauty. Yes, Arnold Zweig's sunsets are golden, not sallow; his cows are plump, not scrawny; his marshes and cut-over lands have their ancient mauve and ocher and are not dank and corpse-like. He has written a book modern to the last syllable, and yet he has not deliberately celebrated any ugliness. In fact, he has not done anything, apparently—so great is his art—save to tell a rattling good story. Even his style runs like warm wax round his forms, now is molded, now is colored, now becomes brittle, now falls away leaving the bare metal. A modern book, yet never conscious, never querulous! And deep within, the sword of truth.



That unconscious theme of Zweig's is consciously treated with scholarly power, by Dr. G. F. Nicolai in his "The Biology of War." There is no known book which can stand reading once a year, but Nicolai may be read once—with attention. As when he says: "No isolated occurrences have any importance save as phenomena, and so it is with war." Compelled to escape from Germany in an airplane after writing that book, Dr. Nicolai might now see his thesis as casually treated as any tale of modern love.

The Nicolai book—a manifesto to the civilized world—is excellent reading: Dr. Nicolai's closely reasoned conclusions concerning "The World as an Organism," his contention that there is no biological justification of war; that war is not unavoidable like earthquakes but preventable like smallpox; that its presence implies a defective sense of responsibility;

that the problem is not how blood-thirsty animals became peace-loving human beings, but, contrawise, how it happened that man, the social animal, Aristotle's "Zoon Politicon," became war-like. There is nothing sentimental in his presentation. His scorn is great for the objection to war on grounds of loss of life, and he insists that the effect of war on the duration of human life is relatively unimportant, when, "the working-man attains an average age of at most forty years"; but he coolly pricks the praise of war as an opportunity to sacrifice life—an act of moral superiority—when it does so only in an endeavor first to sacrifice as many other lives as possible—an act of moral degradation.

To take up Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" is like turning from raw life to a distillation of life. Here is not "genius at its task, happy and absorbed," as in "Grischa," but a great gift lifting like the colors of driftwood from a chosen fuel. Conscious, mannered, aware of every delicacy of reaction, tempering and balancing, contrasting and offsetting, weaving a shadow below form and lifting form from the wash of shadow, bethinking abruptly to thrust forth some naked barb or swathed implication for a dissonance prescribed, the history of *Orlando* moves, timeless, through centuries, through sexes, through the flow of form. *Orlando* now of a day Elizabethan, now of a day of the Restoration, now of 1928, *Orlando* now man, now woman, *Orlando* thus freed of the color of period or personality, moving down life. Stream of consciousness plus stream of the ages—and the stream of man-and-

woman reaction, in one being. A fantasy perhaps, but more truly a parable of The Human Being, the one, the only, on its way, writing for eternal periods its poem, a poem always buttoned safely under its changing cloak.

It is a new thing, "Orlando," and for it one is deeply grateful; but it is, perhaps unavoidably, a conception so large that it repeatedly eludes its author. It is difficult enough to sustain a handling of tempo in a book covering a short period, what with episode looming and connective tissue stretching. But when a book assumes to cover four centuries, the accents upon episode and upon "passage of time" are inevitably difficult to balance. It is impossible to employ Katherine Mansfield's fashion of dramatizing the passage of time by the usage of incident so nicely graduated that time *does* pass; it is impossible in any way at all to give the illusion of the passing of time. There is nothing to do but to escape by the process of literary legs from one time and place to another. In "Orlando" this escape is often awkwardly performed—a barrel-organ strikes up, and you could swear that Mrs. Woolf at her desk heard a barrel-organ playing or a clock striking, and with vast relief put on the moment as a cloak, and so got out. Perhaps it would be right to assume that such irrelevancies have always, in her mind, tone-color, a meaning beyond the event, beyond the word. If so, one has to trust her to great lengths, for while sometimes these aids serve openly as *cæsuras*, oftener they appear merely to cut in. Also such transitions are effected by Mrs. Woolf under cover of reflection, but

the illusion of the passage of time is thus created *in the reader*, not in the actors on the page, even though these reflections always cunningly issue from the minds of those actors and never from Mrs. Woolf's own mind. And such reflections! Whether these are of love or are conclusions concerning Victorian literature, they have the full importance of sheer occasion in the hands of another. Perhaps hers are difficulties not to be solved on such a vast canvas. But it is a gallant attempt to give life to the vast figure, living in all time—man-woman. And in "living" Mrs. Woolf of course never accents events. Events, as is her custom, are here compressed into mere mention, not quite so crudely as when, in "To the Lighthouse," she killed her principal character in a parenthesis, yet all obscured in favor of the real business of life—that is, reactions, forming the being, cell by cell.

But the form of this novel is of far greater value than is its content. In "Orlando," more than in most other books, one chiefly sees the novel groping out for its new forms, synchronizing its own powers with those of its day, a day when science and the plastic arts, psychology and an old order loose their tethers and go to sea in beautiful sea-green boats. "Orlando" is such a boat, and he who reads aright will ride.

...

Such an adventure suggests "English as Experience." This engaging title lies upon the cover of a book by Professor Henry Chester Tracy, California biologist and teacher of English, according to whom a book should "convey, embody and otherwise recharge and set into active

motion that which is called human experience." This phrase recalls a phrase concerning beauty in an earlier volume by Professor Tracy—beauty which is not merely written about, but which "takes one, in actual experience, to the actual plane" of which it treats. In this book he seeks to prove that English, understandable now in known forms, offers a pageant of progress in expression, a pageant in which all may move as actors, and that there is no real reading without this inner re-living of that which was lived in the written words. "All else is a shifting of sham properties." This heightened activity in a reader amounts to participation, "a sharing of the values which come into any good piece of writing, values of which the world seems childishly unconscious." For, "Debarred by 'good average' education, 'good average' fiction and 'good average' reviews from acquiring any discrimination whatever as to what constitutes quality of value in literature, Mr. or Miss Average Person can only say, at age sixteen, 'I like So and So,' and at age twenty-six, 'I like So and So,' and at age thirty-six, 'I do like the works of So and So, they are so entertaining.'"

It is Mr. Tracy's belief that the non-professional in English, the amateur at large, could use and enjoy his language not as an art, but as an actual livable experience, when he reads, when he speaks, when he writes letters, if only he could be shown how, as he would be shown how to play golf or cricket or a saxophone. For, "Latin was the language of learning, but English is the language of living." He predicates an

English so conditioned, so employed that it will heighten perception to the point of participation. That is his demand. It is also the expectation of Stravinski, and of the other new orchestral doors to experience; it is the demand of Joyce; it was the hope of Amy Lowell and of her Six Poets; and it is the commonplace of Anthiel. Only these depart upon paths which touch toward new mediums, and Mr. Tracy would use the medium that we know—English, in its familiar sequences, but with new power to seize upon us because we shall have developed that which we have not now: Original seeing.

"That a man may be schooled without being spoiled, illuminated without being disillusioned, socialized without being tamed, is what is here demonstrated. . . . Thoreau was a pioneer of original seeing, an explorer in the continent of perception. . . . His perception was contributory to art, was in fact elevated to the rank of art, through the long practice of associating it with language. . . . His journal . . . is a memorial not of the person, but of experiences in human perception . . . to discover that discovery may be made daily and that the capacity to make it is the great gift."

Experience in perception, in association with language, evaluates the poet as our only potency for completion, and a man is "complete in a poetic moment because experience is then real to him." But if the reader lacks the mental organization, he cannot share the valid poetic experience—just as the average American high-school boy cannot, even yet, read "Moby Dick," and adults are often in the same plight—for

perception does not develop unless it is fostered, and "there is no known substitute for creative effort in the man himself, no effort to formulate what he perceives." Moral values Mr. Tracy takes out of the domain of both choice and convention, since the most spiritually edifying perception of values is that which does not perceive them as "moral" values, but "simply perceives them with a greater intensity, as real values." Thus man the seer, and the articulate seer, would settle many a vexed question—not by "learning," whatever that is, but by experiencing.

Thus there is: ". . . A new kind of literature which is not science, yet deals with natural fact; which is a literature of impression, yet does not deal in illusion or exhaust itself in literary form; a literature which *corrects* a real world to our view. We begin to see this world as self-existent, not beholden to us as our world of business, of sport; but carrying a tradition in which we are intruders, spoiling what we do not use."

Mr. Tracy's "humanistic conclusion" is that: "This world is real in a sense none have dared yet to communicate, insomuch that entrance to it is like a new birth. If its earlier forms seem strange and forbidding, the fault lies with those who failed to train our ear, in youth, to enjoy the rhythm and sound of words, our minds to move in an engaging 'imagined' world."

To see English with such possibilities, akin to those of the Romance languages and the tongues of the East, is as astonishing as to hear that Western religions, too, may have their esoteric sides. It is as astonish-

ing as two chapters in an earlier book of Mr. Tracy's, "Towards the Open," chapters called "A Critique of Satisfactions" and "A New Life of Education," in which he considers both art and education as the actual domain of the amateur not less than of the sophisticate. And that is a conception as amazing, in this land where all are equal, as those earlier conceptions in Europe that religion is for the unlearned too, and that the franchise exists for those without lands as well as for the landed.

✻

A world unseen and divivable is also the theme of Claude Bragdon's "New Image," a book which can be "experienced" by no brief comment, but only by slow reading, even as its exquisite geometrical illustrations—of tonic, supertonic, subdominant, and mediant—cannot be transmitted to vision save by sight.

Maeterlinck, in his "The Life of Space," writes a book succeeding his "Wisdom and Destiny" and "Unknown Guest," of years ago, as conviction succeeds wonder. And his convictions breed new wonder. This is a book to place in the hands of a new generation, years hence, when the present generation has been subdued into parents who wish to say to their Offspring: "You do not divine all that is divivable!" Or perhaps, by then, children will so be charging their parents, secretly. In such connection there is always to be mentioned "Beyond Behaviorism" by Robert Courtney—a book considerably less likely to have been outgrown by that time than is "The Life of Space." The titles perhaps tell why this will be so, since be-

haviorism is always more intriguing than is space.

~

After all, it is by its fiction that a literary period is known. And in the flow of fiction, too thin, for all the pounding of the presses, to reach more than a fraction of the people, there comes now a translation of the great Finnish novel, "Seven Brothers," by Alexis Kivi, achieved by Alex Matson. It is a saga—and it is the people of the north who seem able to use the saga as lyric utterance, as the sailor uses a deep-sea chantey, and, too, with something of the immemorial wash of the sea, and roll of earth and swing of stars. In the names of the brothers are the pulse of Finland—*Juhani, Tuomas, Aspo, Simeoni, Timo, Lauri* and *Eere*. In their adventures are the thunder and wallowings of men emerging from clay—the four days spent by the seven brothers on the great rock, surrounded by forty bulls, whom at last they slay in the dusk and flay in the dark, by the light of burning stumps. Seven brothers and all the race, wrestling with the earth. It is a book not to be omitted from any list of European fiction, with the beat of its prose, its sudden inevitable drop into the form of drama—the name of a brother preceding his measured and musical speech, and its slow subduing of that wild farm of *Impivaara* and of the mother-farm of *Jukola*, and of the human heart.

Men reacting to one another and to light and darkness. And the fiction, written with power, which shows men to one another—this matters and no other fiction matters at all.

WHEN THE READER WRITES

"The daily patter of existence upon our minds and hearts is bearable only because of the rarer moments when our souls are uplifted and we really live"—Arthur Hobson Quinn, in the December CENTURY.

In endless patter of unmeaning things
The paltry moments of the day pass by;
Like pallid ashes on dead hearths that lie,
Pale hours move in unmarked patternings.
O heavy hearts that should mount up like wings,
On Beauty's pinions strong be lifted high,
Let not blind eyes and deadened ears reply
To everlasting songs the spirit sings—
Who calls from billowy, sky-blown clouds that float
With streaming hair gold in the sunset glow,
Or sighs in murmurs soft of wood-winds low,
While trees and grass and stars repeat the note
Of things divine in earth and air and sky,
Kin to ourselves, that will not let us die.

GERTRUDE DARLING

Plymouth, New Hampshire.

My dear Editor,

A few details from the excellent article of Bessie Bunzel in the November CENTURY call for correction. It was not in the fifties but in the thirties that Oberlin offered its opportunities to women, and this was before, not after, the founding of Mt. Holyoke. Also, the marriage rate of college alumnae, called fifty per cent in the November article, is too low for the latest returns, founded upon the most complete data. Professor Louis Hartson of Oberlin, comparing the reports from Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and Oberlin, finds that "at the present time the proportion of alumnae who marry is about sixty per cent in all of these colleges."

FRANCES JULIETTE HOSFORD

Oberlin, Ohio.

My dear Editor,

I have read with interest Mr. Pollard's article "Five Out of Nine" in the January CENTURY.

I think it is a very sound exposition of the uses and abuses of the fourteenth amendment. Mr. Pollard undoubtedly has given the subject deep study and it is gratifying to see such a logical analysis of a question which is not often explained adequately to the "lay reader."

It is with great interest that I shall look forward to similar articles from the pen of a writer, who, in these days of political misconception, can so well present his views.

Sincerely yours,
A. E. RENNER

New York City.

My dear Editor,

I want to express my appreciation and gratitude for Lewis F. Carr's paper on "Unknown America" in the December CENTURY. Walter Page and Professor Branson belong to a generation that is passing off the stage. I am glad of the evidence you afford that the torch they carried is handed on by men of the time to come.

Faithfully yours,
G. S. DICKERMAN

New Haven, Connecticut.

My dear Editor,

President Hibben of Princeton writes me that there is an error in my article, "Religion Goes to College" in the January CENTURY. He says regarding the seats back of the high altar in the Princeton chapel that "no one ever sits there except at the time of the Communion Service." His own regular seat is back of the choir in a very inconspicuous place immediately at the right as one enters the nave. I regret that I misapprehended the object of these seats. I have a high regard for Dr. Hibben and the dignity of his office.

HERBERT PARRISH

New Brunswick, New Jersey.

My dear Editor,

S. T.—whoever he may be—imparts a certain gracious "aura" to your magazine only contacted in the writings of those who have attained to—at least—a modicum of wisdom; so rare in our Western world of men. I feel with a feeling approaching solemnity that S. T. and your magazine are pioneers destined to do much in your proposed new field just starting, making, indeed, for "modern righteousness."

Cordially,
GEORGE N. RAGAN

Omaha, Nebraska.

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